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Chairman: J. M. KEYNES.

Editor: H. D. HENDERSON.

Telephone: Business Manager: Museum 5551.

Editorial: Museum 5552.

Telegrams: "Nationetta, Holb. London."

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE overwhelming Republican victory in the United States gives exceptional significance to President Coolidge's Armistice Day speech. That speech was read in draft by Mr. Hoover, and it must be taken as a formal statement of the foreign policy which the new Republican administration will take over from the old. The speech, as a whole, makes rather painful reading for British and European readers; it is perhaps the more valuable for that. It is imperatively necessary, just now, that we should understand how the relations between Europe and the United States look to American eyes. It may be regretted that, on this particular day, President Coolidge should have clothed himself so ostentatiously in the spotless toga of American virtue; some unconvincing references to the comparative strain of the war on the United States and other belligerents might perhaps have been spared; but the speech will do much good if it makes the statesmen and peoples of Europe realize the dislike and suspicion with which the American people regard the *post-bellum* tendencies of European politics.

* * *

The cause of this distrust comes out clearly in those passages of the speech to which attention, on this side of the Atlantic, will be chiefly directed—those dealing with debts, loans, and armaments. As regards the financial relations between the United States and the late Associated Powers, the whole point of the speech comes out in one short passage. "We have given . . .

of our resources for constructive purposes, but . . . we have not wished to contribute to the support of armaments. Whatever assistance we may have given to finishing the war, we feel free from any responsibility for beginning it. We do not wish to finance preparations for a future war." Until really substantial progress is made towards European disarmament, it will be useless for any Power to talk to the United States about debt revision. As regards armaments, the President spoke with two voices. He wanted to emphasize the desirability of disarmament. He wanted to ensure the smooth progress of the Navy Bill. It was the latter motive that led him to use arguments, based on the American lack of bases and convertible liners, that seemed to justify predominance rather than parity for the American fleet. It led him also to use a more dangerous argument.

* * *

The President's statement that, "If the European countries had neglected their defences, it is probable that war would have come much sooner," will be seized on eagerly by those who ignore his emphasis on the fact that armaments alone have never given security. It is probable that President Coolidge, like the bulk of us, has not quite cleared his mind on the relations between armaments and security; but the whole context of the passage quoted suggests that what was in his mind was the danger of armaments inadequate to the interests to be protected, and to the armaments maintained by possible assailants. His plea for additional American cruisers was based on "world standards of

defence," as revealed by the strength of the British fleet. To interpret his unlucky phrase as denying the greater safety conferred by *all-round* reduction of armaments, would be violently to twist the meaning of his speech. Indeed, it is fairly clear that, at the back of his mind, Mr. Coolidge regards the fifteen cruisers mainly as a lever for securing limitation. Which side of his policy—the desire for greater strength, or the desire for limitation—takes shape in American action during the next few years, will depend on the action of Europe, and, above all, of Great Britain.

* * *

President Coolidge's reference to the actual provisions of the proposed Anglo-French compromise was short and contemptuous. Had it been accepted, he said, "the French Army and the British Navy would be so near unlimited that the principle of limitation would be virtually abandoned." In the debate initiated by Mr. Lloyd George on Tuesday, the British Government seemed wholly incapable of understanding the reaction of the compromise proposals on the American mind. Mr. Bridgeman made debating points by saying that the proposals met (though only by leaving cruisers with six-inch guns wholly unlimited) the American demand for cruisers with wide radius of action, and that no serious student of naval affairs could regard the converted merchantman as capable of standing up to a cruiser. That is all true; and had we given way on tonnage at Geneva, the United States might have given way on the eight-inch gun; but the concession on which Mr. Bridgeman now dwells was an afterthought, and American naval policy has now hardened to insistence on 10,000-tons and eight-inch guns for every new cruiser launched. Mr. Bridgeman, while expressing "disappointment" at the rejection of the "compromise," seems very little disturbed by the situation it creates. Possibly the American Navy Department's new statement of policy may penetrate his complacency, for it contains a strong hint that if other Powers offend, either by "inequitable conduct in international relations," or "by their departure from the idea of a suspended competition in naval armaments," predominance may be substituted for parity, as the American slogan.

* * *

In reply to Mr. Lloyd George's powerful indictment, Mr. Baldwin had nothing effective to say. He implied, indeed, that the Anglo-French compromise was dead. "The whole work has gone for nothing, and such agreement as was come to then is now scrapped, and we have to begin all over again." He was at some pains, however, to defend the French standpoint on reservists, and it is difficult not to suspect that the Government still feel bound by their concession on that issue. He explained, quite truly, that the French and other Continental nations do not regard a conscript, as opposed to a professional, army as an instrument of aggression. He made no attempt to answer Mr. Lloyd George's contention that a conscript army is just as consistent with limitation of numbers as is a professional army.

"In this country," said Mr. Lloyd George, "everybody was liable up to a certain date to serve in the Militia, compulsorily. The Militia was recruited then by ballot. A ballot is just as possible in a conscript army to-day as it was then. . . . But once you reduce the numbers, how vital it is that you should also reduce the equipment, so as to make it only adequate to the numbers that you have got."

It is arguable that it might have been worth while to make a concession to the French about reservists, in conjunction with a real step forward, such as the evacuation of the Rhineland. It is disquieting that we should have made any bargain in order to secure the preposterous naval agreement.

* * *

Three days of the debate on the Address were devoted to the Vote of Censure on the question of unemployment. The case for a bold policy of national development was admirably stated by Mr. Lloyd George, who is certainly entitled to claim that he has been the earliest of our public men of any party to envisage the unemployment problem in its true perspective. The Ministerial spokesmen replied to Mr. Lloyd George's plea with a sophistical dilemma, which ought surely to have become obsolete by now. If, they argued, you raise loans for development purposes, *either* these loans will mean a corresponding reduction in the amount of capital for ordinary business, in which case there is no gain in employment, *or*, if the development loans represent a net increase in the total volume of borrowing, that means inflation, and inflation!—well who wants to see the pound go the way of the German mark? This dilemma involves, of course, the assumption that there is always a precise adjustment between the amount of money savings and the volume of real investment—an assumption which is very far from the truth. It is, indeed, in large measure because there is no such precise adjustment that we have such heavy unemployment at the present day. If the Ministerial logic were correct, there is not a single industrial development which could be of advantage to us. For the same dilemma arises; either the new industry must take its capital away from other industries, or involve an increase in the total volume of borrowing.

* * *

On Wednesday, in reply to Mr. Snowden's "safeguarding" amendment to the Address, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans outlined the "simplified" procedure which will be adopted if the Government survives the General Election. There will be a permanent tribunal set up by the President of the Board of Trade to hear applications for protective duties. This tribunal will have to decide whether foreign goods of the class or description to which the application is related are being imported in quantities substantial in proportion to the domestic consumption; whether by reason of the competition, employment here is being or is likely to be seriously affected; whether the foreign goods are being manufactured under unfair or inferior conditions of hours or wages; whether the applicant industry can materially increase its present output; whether it is being carried on with reasonable efficiency and economy; whether the imposition of a duty would exert a seriously adverse effect on employment or the cost of production in any other productive industry, including agriculture; and whether the applicant industry has, in the opinion of the tribunal, established a claim to a duty, and, if so, what rate of duty shall be imposed. It is obvious that everything will depend on the personnel of the new permanent tribunal, and we may be sure that it will be of a Protectionist complexion, for it will be politically impossible for the Government, if they are returned to power, to allow the iron and steel industry to be refused protection.

* * *

It is recorded that, when Mr. Gladstone sent Queen Victoria a copy of the Irish Disestablishment

Bill, together with a memorandum explaining its provisions, the Queen was at a loss to know which document was the more difficult to understand. The public, even what may be called the expert public, is in much the same position with regard to the Local Government Bill and the official explanatory memorandum. For sheer technical complexity, the Bill establishes a new record in our legislation; and to pass its 115 clauses and 12 schedules through the House of Commons will obviously represent an immense Parliamentary task. The question of most immediate interest is what changes have been made in the proposals, as originally outlined, as the result of public criticism. The answer is that the changes are few. The "guarantee" that no local authority shall incur a net loss of revenue under the new scheme is extended from five years to perpetuity. The arrangements regarding the quinquennial calculations which are to determine the total amount of Exchequer money which is to be distributed in block grants are revised in a manner which is fairer to the local authorities. In connection with the transfer of the debts of the Guardians to the County Councils, about £2 millions is to be written off by the State.

* * *

The main features of the scheme are unchanged. The percentage grants for the health services are to be abolished; and the "formula" under which the local authorities are to be compensated for their loss of revenue under this head, and under that of de-rating, is unrevised. The functions of the Guardians are to be transferred to the County Councils and County Borough Councils; and there is to be no exceptional provision for the case of important non-county boroughs and urban districts. As regards the manner in which the County Councils are to discharge their new duties, the scheme has been modified in one respect. It was always contemplated that the County Councils would find it necessary to devolve the work of administering poor relief on to local sub-committees. But the scheme, as first formulated in the White Paper, laid it down that a majority of the members of these sub-committees must be elected members of the Council. It has been strongly urged that this was an unworkable condition, if only by reason of the insufficiency of the County Council *personnel*. And Mr. Chamberlain has so far yielded as to agree that only one-third of the members of the sub-committees (which are to be called "Guardians Committees") need be members of the County Council, and that this third may include Aldermen. Whether this will go far enough to meet this very practical objection remains to be seen. One of the difficulties of criticizing the Government's proposals adequately is the large number of entirely different points which call for criticism. Parliament will have its work cut out, if it is to give any sort of genuine consideration to the many controversial features of the new Bill.

* * *

M. Poincaré has justified our expectations by yielding to pressure from the President, and consenting to form a new Cabinet. At a first glance, the new Government seems to be little, if at all, further to the right than the old; but, as Mr. Robert Dell points out on another page, the Socialist-Radicals are not represented in it. The probable result will be that M. Poincaré will not be obliged to set a new course either in foreign or in domestic affairs, but that his effective voting strength in the Chamber will be reduced. Whether the reduction will be serious remains to be seen. The first vote of confidence on the Premier's statement of policy will be no guide. It will only be when the Chamber

settles down to its ordinary business that the strength or weakness of the new Government will become apparent. The threats of public indignation, if the Opposition opposes successfully, need not be taken too seriously. The French nation has never yet been indignant at the zeal with which party leaders play the party game.

* * *

Many well-informed Roumanians feared that the crisis which came to a head with M. Bratianu's resignation would be followed by serious outbreaks of disorder. Their fears were justifiable, but excessive. Dr. Maniu, the leader of the National Peasants Party, has formed a Government; Parliament will shortly be dissolved, and "free" elections held. It seems fairly certain that Dr. Maniu will get a substantial majority without any need to resort to the questionable tactics of the Bratianu regime. The National Peasants Party is bucolic only in its name and voting strength. It is the Conservative Party of the country; its leaders are recruited from the old families, the educated bourgeoisie, and the officials; but its strength at the polls lies, undoubtedly, in the peasant vote. As the tenant of a great landlord the Roumanian peasant consistently preferred the Conservative to the "Liberal" leader; he has not changed his sympathies by becoming a small freeholder.

* * *

The change of Government will not change Roumania's policy in international affairs to any appreciable extent. Dr. Maniu will merely continue Bratianu's finance with a new Parliament. His professions of friendship for Hungary will presumably be followed by polite conversations with the Hungarian Minister at Bucarest. This will not abate the bitter hatred of the Magyar for the Roumanian. The Hungarian landowner who has been dispossessed of his land, and is only in theory able to support himself and his family by adopting a profession, could only be helped by a change in domestic policy, on which no Roumanian Government could venture. None the less, the constitutional solution of the crisis is a great step forward in Balkan politics. For months past law-abiding Roumanians have feared that M. Bratianu's long tenure of office would only be broken by a *coup d'état* and a dictatorship. The constitutional transference of power to a National Peasant Cabinet may be a turning point in Roumanian history.

* * *

Germans are still speculating doubtfully about the voting strength of their new Government. It may prove to be substantial or inadequate, but it will certainly not be increased by the fierce squabble over the projected building of one small armoured cruiser. The Socialists have warned Herr Muller that the building must not be proceeded with; the moderate and reasonable General Groener has threatened to resign if it is not. President von Hindenburg has sent for Herr Muller, and told him that he agrees with the General. The General and the President do not seem unreasonable when they contend that the small defence force permitted to Germany ought to be trained and exercised in modern efficient ships. The Socialists are in possession of a good argument when they ask of what conceivable use one armoured cruiser could be to Germany. Von Hindenburg has a constitutional right to express an opinion on matters of defence; but it is doubtful whether he would not have been better advised to have told both parties that there was no sense in making so much fuss about so little.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE HOUSING SUBSIDY

MINISTERS have a stereotyped device for confusing the real issue which is raised by the phenomenon of large-scale unemployment. They habitually confuse together two totally different things, a serious and systematic policy of national development on the one hand, and the casual improvizing of relief works on the other. In the unemployment debate last week, Mr. Churchill took refuge, once again, behind this confusion. After enumerating the various heads of the Government's policy, de-rating, Empire settlement, &c., he proceeded: "We shall no doubt be pressed in this debate to embark upon large schemes of public relief works." With this introduction, he stated that the departments had been examining the possibilities of relief works very carefully; but experience showed that they were very expensive and very disappointing as regards the number of men for whom they provided work. There was, therefore, no hope along the lines of relief works of making a real impression on unemployment. Still, the Government were not hide-bound on the matter; and, as things were so bad at present, they would relax "the rigour of what is undoubtedly the present sound policy," and find a bit of money for land drainage and coast erosion schemes.

This, we say, is to distort the issue grossly. It might be supposed from this relief work approach to the question that the State in its normal activities, stands entirely outside the economic sphere, and that the only way in which it can stimulate the employment market is by improvizing special schemes of an extraordinary character on which the Exchequer must necessarily lose money. But this is very far from being true. The part which the State now plays in the economic domain is most important. The rate of development of some of our leading public utility services depends upon State policy. This is true, for instance, of roads, of electricity, of the telephone service, and of housing. To press forward rapidly with the development of such services as these is the most obvious moral of the present unemployment situation. And one outstanding fault of the Government's recent policy in relation to unemployment is that so far from developing these services as rapidly as possible it tends rather to slow them down. To extricate himself from his Budgetary embarrassments, Mr. Churchill has made repeated raids upon the Road Fund. With the object of improving the capital market for conversion operations, the development programme of the telephone service is cut down far below the figure which would be justified on business grounds. So long as the Government does these things with its left hand, it is sheer mockery for it to dribble out small sums for land drainage with its right.

Mr. Lloyd George's speech in the debate last week was an admirable statement of the case for a vigorous policy of all-round development. He showed how vast is the work that still remains to be done in constructing and reconstructing roads and bridges. He pointed out how absurd it is to restrict the capital expenditure on the telephones to a figure which is only one-eighth of what is being spent by the much more "saturated"

system of the United States. He put his finger on what is undoubtedly the chief obstruction to the right sort of policy—the Treasury obsession with the conversion problem; and he insisted that conversion considerations must be subordinated to the needs of trade and employment. Let the Government make it their first objective to reduce unemployment by one-half within a year; let them say, "This thing must be done." If they approached the task in that spirit, there was little doubt that it could be done.

At the present moment a question is under consideration which has a most important bearing upon employment. While Mr. Churchill is talking in the House of Commons about land drainage schemes, Mr. Neville Chamberlain is understood to be contemplating a further reduction in the housing subsidy. As we go to press he is receiving a deputation from the local authorities upon the subject. The views of the local authorities are well known. They are strongly opposed to any further reduction of the subsidy, and are unanimously of the opinion that any such reduction will result inevitably in a curtailment of housing programmes. There can be little doubt that in this they are right. The number of houses now being finished each month is 40 per cent. less than the average of last year, which suggests that the rate of house-building has been diminished by the previous reduction of the subsidy.

We do not approach the question of housing subsidies in any reckless or profligate spirit. We criticized strongly what seemed to us an unnecessary increase in the subsidy in the Wheatley Act of 1924; for at that time the position was that as many houses as the building industry had the capacity to turn out could easily be let at rentals made possible by the existing subsidy. But that is no longer the position. In many districts, the demand for houses that is effective at comparatively high rentals has been met or nearly met. There remains, still almost untouched, the heart of the housing problem—the provision of decent houses for that large mass of people who cannot afford to pay rents as high as those which are now charged for municipal houses. The question accordingly arises: Do we mean to take that problem in hand, or not? If we mean to take it in hand, it is assuredly not in the direction of lower subsidies that we must look. We must rather contemplate an increase, in some form, in the financial assistance given by the State.

When we take account of housing considerations on the one hand and of employment considerations on the other, the answer to the question ought surely not to be in doubt. All social reformers, of every party affiliation and of none, are agreed that an improvement in our housing standards is one of the most urgent requirements of social policy. No real impression has as yet been made upon the slums of our great cities; and it is only by building new houses on a large scale and by letting them at rents within the slum-dwellers' capacity to pay that it is possible to make a real impression on the slums. We are no longer using to the full the available capacity of the building industry. On the contrary, there is already serious unemployment in building, largely as the result of the slowing down of housing programmes, and this is an important contribu-

tory factor to the rise in the aggregate unemployment figures during the present year. It will be remembered that the Wheatley Act of 1924 embodied a bargain, by which the building trade unions agreed to modify the rules which restricted the introduction of apprentices into the industry, and Parliament undertook in return (or this, at least, was the idea) to see that sufficient houses were built to safeguard the industry from unemployment. The building industry has carried out its side of the bargain, and would regard a reduction in the housing subsidy at the present time as a breach of faith.

Thus, on the one hand, we have the urgent need for improved housing; on the other, an unused capacity to build. And we have something like a Parliamentary guarantee, in return for value received, that the capacity to build will not be left unused. All these considerations point to the desirability of maintaining a steady building programme for several years to come of at least 200,000 houses a year. This cannot be done if the Government now reduce the subsidy. If they decide upon this course they will doubtless save something appreciable on the national expenditure, and thus ease Mr. Churchill's problem for next year. But they will do so at the cost of increasing unemployment by far more than they can hope to reduce it by land drainage or coast erosion schemes.

A NEW SITUATION IN FRANCE

PARIS, NOVEMBER 13TH, 1928.

THE Ministerial crisis, caused by M. Poincaré's voluntary resignation, has been solved by the return of M. Poincaré to power with a Cabinet likely to be even more docile than its predecessor, for, with three or four obvious exceptions, it is composed of nonentities, most of whom will probably never have another chance of office. In these circumstances it might well be held that the crisis was superfluous, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that nothing is changed. There is a change of the first importance. The events of the last week have produced a situation unprecedented in French politics during the last thirty years.

For the first time since Waldeck-Rousseau became Prime Minister in June, 1899, France has a Government in which there are no Radicals—a Government which, although it includes five "Socialist-Republicans," is in fact a Government of the Centre and the Right. Never, so far as I can remember, since the far-off days of Méline, has the Minister of the Interior been anything but a Radical, and the French Minister of the Interior is, from the administrative point of view, the most important man in the Cabinet, and has powers such as many a dictator might envy. Equally unprecedented, at any rate since 1909, is the decision of the Radical Party to go into Opposition rather than abandon its principles and programme, and the acceptance of the decision by the whole party in the Senate and the Chamber. Ever since M. Clemenceau demoralized the Radical Party when he was Prime Minister for the first time in 1906-1909, that party, although the largest in Parliament, has exercised very little effective influence, except during the short life of the Herriot Cabinet, on French policy, especially foreign policy, and the principal causes of its impotence have been its lack of any discipline and the pernicious doctrine that the Radical Party is *un*

parti de gouvernement which must always be in office at all costs. On the strength of that doctrine Radicals have for the last nineteen years accepted office in every successive Government without asking the consent of their party, sometimes, as in the case of the Clemenceau Cabinet of 1917, in defiance of a unanimous party decision, and they have done it with impunity. It is, therefore, as momentous as it is satisfactory that four Radicals should have made their acceptance of office in the Cabinet formed last Sunday conditional on the consent of their party and have withdrawn when that consent was refused.

The Radical Party is now to undergo the Opposition cure which it has long needed. If it rigorously follows the treatment, if necessary until 1932, the result will be its complete restoration to health and strength and the next general election in that year will probably give the Left, for the first time, a majority in the Chamber and make possible a coalition Government of Radicals and Socialists. I say "for the first time," because the Left had no majority in 1924. The "Cartel" included the "Radical Left" group whose members are neither Radical nor "Left," and that was one of the chief causes of its collapse. That group, which has neither principles nor policy, is equally at home in a "Bloc National," a "Republican Concentration," or a "Cartel of the Left," and takes its colours from its temporary associates. It has three representatives in the new Government, including M. Loucheur, and it holds the balance in the present Chamber, in which the deputies of the Left do not number more than 260 all told in a total of 606. For this reason a Government of the Centre and the Right is the proper and logical Government. Something like clarity has at last been introduced into French politics, and one may even hope that, gradually and slowly, French parties may come to mean something and party labels may cease to be mere empty names.

The solution of the crisis, in my opinion the best possible in existing conditions, has been trumpeted in the docile French Press as a triumph for M. Poincaré, but it is not. He has not the Government that he desired. His whole conduct during the last week has shown that he wished to keep the Radicals chained to his chariot wheels almost at any cost, and, from his point of view, he was right. The Radicals have thrown him back on to the Centre and the Right, which was the very thing that he was anxious to avoid. M. Poincaré's desire to be recognized as a man of the Left is inspired by reasons very similar to those that make a lady with what the French call a *passé mouvementé* a devout church-goer. And his determination, abandoned only on Sunday afternoon, not to govern against or even without the Radicals, was influenced by the well-founded belief that a period of Opposition would be the salvation of the Radical Party. That determination was the cause of the crisis, which was not brought about by the Angers Congress. M. Poincaré could easily have filled the places of the retiring Radical Ministers and carried on, but he would not, and last Tuesday evening, a few hours after his resignation, he declared that he would not consent in any circumstances to return to office. When he was persuaded by the President of the Republic to go back on this declaration, he made desperate efforts to conciliate the Radicals. He threw over M. Marin to please them and made concessions on several points of policy—indeed, he went as far in the way of concessions as he could go without estranging his other supporters, who were already complaining that he had gone too far. When at last he decided to form a Government without the Radicals, he tried to camouflage it with a Left tint by the absurd expedient of including in it five members of the "Socialist-Republican" group in the Chamber, which has only

eighteen members in all. This group, which was represented in the preceding Cabinet by M. Briand and M. Painlevé, has nothing to do with the "Socialist-Republican" Party, a sort of half-way house between the Radicals and the Socialists, which has a still smaller group of its own. The Briand-Painlevé group is as heterogeneous as the "Radical Left," and as destitute of any political principles or any common programme. The only bond of union between its members is that they are not Socialist. Like other small groups in the Chamber it attracts *arrivistes* without any definite political opinions, who prefer a small group because it increases their importance and gives them a better chance of becoming "ministrables." M. Forgeot, one of the new "Socialist-Republican" Ministers, for example, was elected last April as a "Radical Unionist." It is this tiny, miscellaneous group with an absurdly misleading title that supplies the whole of the "Left" element in the new Government. M. Painlevé, it is true, has all his life been a man of the Left, and it is with pained surprise that his friends see him in such a Cabinet as this—a second "Bloc National" even less national than the first. M. Jean Hennessy, the new "Socialist-Republican" Minister of Agriculture—after all, brandy is made from wine and grapes are an agricultural product—is an acquisition by reason of his journalistic connections, for he has something like a half-share in the *Œuvre* and the controlling financial interest in the *Quotidien*, so the two most important Radical dailies are muzzled. M. Hennessy, however, will be less useful than he would have been, had his connection with the two papers in question not been generally known. As it is, they are likely to lose their influence on the public of the Left.

No doubt M. Poincaré's personal position is stronger than ever. He might well say: *Les Gouvernements, c'est moi!* Although he has retained M. Briand as a convenient figure-head at the Quai d'Orsay, the fact that he has handed over the Finance Ministry to M. Chéron shows his intention to control foreign as well as domestic policy. Indeed, it is reported that he will himself conduct the important international negotiations that are pending, and will for that purpose visit London, Berlin, and even perhaps Washington. M. Briand, whose natural indolence is increased by his unsatisfactory state of health, will make no attempt to assert himself. His stock is already very low, especially in Germany, where, until last September, he was extremely popular. M. Poincaré knows this, for he recently sent M. Herriot to Berlin to find out how M. Briand stood in Germany—and to consult Beethoven manuscripts.

French foreign policy under the control of M. Poincaré—it is not a reassuring prospect. And yet there is just a possibility that we may be agreeably surprised. The strength of the French Conservatives and Reactionaries has always been, as Anatole France used to say, that they have got their policy carried out by men of the Left. That has been the case for twenty years and more, for was not Théophile Delcassé Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Waldeck-Rousseau and the Combes Cabinets? It would have been much more difficult for the Conservatives to carry out their policy themselves, for they would have been suspect. In France political labels are everything. The fact that there are no Radicals in the Government may oblige M. Poincaré to be more prudent than he needed to be when he had Radical hostages to guarantee him. It will be difficult for him to be as Nationalist and militarist as M. Paul-Boncour, whose policy is accepted by the Left because, by some strange accident, he is a member of the Socialist Party. On the other hand, the Right will accept from M. Poincaré what they would not tolerate on the part of a Government of the Left. He will certainly try to disarm

Radical opposition by going as far to the Left as he can in home policy, and even in foreign policy he may make concessions, but while we hope for the best, we must be prepared for the worst. The most important question at issue between him and the Radicals is that of military expenditure, for the most hopeful point in the Radical programme adopted at Angers was opposition to any increase in military and naval expenditure and in particular to any expenditure at all on the fortification of the new French Eastern frontier. On this point M. Poincaré can hardly give way.

There are the usual speculations about the duration of the new Government. Nobody can say how long a French Government will last—the average existence of a Cabinet since 1871 has been about seventeen months—but for my part I see no reason at present why the Poincaré Cabinet should not last until the general election in 1932. Barring accidents, it should have a stable majority of something like 100 in the Chamber over the combined groups of the Left, and it is very doubtful whether all the Radicals will vote against it. Among the Radical deputies are too many whose Radicalism is a mere label and who owed their election last April to Conservative votes. The revival of French Radicalism, which has now become possible, depends on the genuine Radicals. If they have patience to wait and are prepared to split the party rather than compromise, they will reap their reward in 1932, for the Angers Congress has shown that the Radical rank and file are far in advance of many of their parliamentary representatives. The Angers programme was forced on M. Herriot and the other Radical members of the late Cabinet by the rank and file.

On a long view the situation is hopeful, especially if the Angers Congress proves to be the first step in the development of a genuine party system. The chief causes of the failure hitherto of representative government in France have been the lack of organized and disciplined parties and the detestable group system. How little parliamentary government is understood is shown by the attacks on the Angers Congress in the Press. The adoption by a party of a definite programme to be accepted by all its members is denounced as an attempt to tyrannize over the nation and substitute government by "clubs" for Parliament; and even—by the *JOURNAL DES DÉBATS*—as "sedition."

ROBERT DELL.

GRASS, MORE GRASS

EVERY few years the public hears about some new idea, or some new system of cultivation, which will speedily revolutionize English agriculture. Lucerne, Professor Biffen's wheats, co-operative creameries, Mr. Boutflour's method of feeding dairy cattle, sugar beet, and, finally, intensive grassland cultivation, all these have been heralded as the salvation of the countryside. Most of them have taken their place in English farming, but the revolution is still delayed. Economic difficulties, which are not apparent on the experimental plot or in the laboratory, become important on the farm. In a year like the present when all wheat is only fetching its price as poultry food or offals, the advantage of growing a good milling variety like Yeoman II. disappears altogether. The absence of seasonal labour confines sugar-beet cultivation to the more favourable soils, or to those parts where the Irish take the place of those Poles and Galicians who have done so much to build up Danish and German farming. Co-operative creameries struggle manfully, but not very successfully, against the dairy combines, and those farmers who have adopted Mr. Boutflour's system find that it possesses some but not all of its promised advantages.

Experience has naturally made farmers dubious about the intensive grassland cultivation, which is being so keenly

advocated by the importers and manufacturers of nitrates. The potentialities of the scheme are enormous. A new idea in arable cultivation is only likely to affect a comparatively small area, while the grassland scheme could apply to all the pastures, meadows, and rough grazing which make up two-thirds of our agricultural land, and which are increasing every year. We may lament the predominance of grassland, and grieve to see, as Sir Thomas More said, "sheep eating up men," but there is no special magic in the plough, and from the national point of view, since the grassland is there, it is everybody's advantage to see if the new system will bear transporting from the experimental plot to the farm. The first impressions of the writer, whose grassland has been managed this summer along these intensive lines, may be of interest.

Most farming innovations in England fail either because of labour difficulties, or because of our climate, or because they are economically unsound. The first trouble will hardly arise. The system is based upon dividing pasture land into some seven or eight plots, which are grazed in rotation, first by milk cows, and then by stores, until they are quite bare. The plots are then harrowed and treated with nitrates, so as to be ready a few weeks later when the cows come round to the same plot. The harrowing and the drilling of the nitrates at the rate of a plot a week is hardly likely to tax the resources of an ordinary farm, even though it is summer work. The extra fencing and the first applications of nitrates are done in the winter when work is slack. Climate is a more serious factor, especially in the eastern counties, for a few weeks' drought tries the system very hard. The whole idea is based upon the fact that young grass is especially nutritious, and that it is possible, by artificial means, to produce this succulent "May grass" throughout the summer. There is no doubt that this can be done, by systematic feeding, and by using nitrates well washed in by summer showers. Drought and the high cost of nitrates are the two main problems, and because the first is so uncertain it will be extremely difficult to test the new system financially.

On the credit side may be placed a fortnight's earlier grazing, and perhaps three weeks or more grazing at the end of the summer, except on very light land. "The very best way to lengthen the day is," we were told, "to take a bit out of the night," and anything which cuts down the long months of winter feeding is not only going to help the farmer's pocket, but will also add to the amenities of life for everyone working round the farm. This advantage can therefore be reckoned somewhat higher than the hay which it saves. Another certain gain is in the quality and palatability of the grass, and this improvement must be more than temporary. The effect of having land eaten bare several times during the summer is to kill off a number of weeds, even such woody plants as "rest-harrow" being nibbled down when they are still young and succulent. The actual carrying capacity of the pastures between June and August depends unfortunately upon the weather, and in a very dry summer might not be very much more than if the nitrates had never been applied. When, however, our summer consists of the proverbial "three fine days and a thunderstorm," the farmer going in for intensive grassland cultivation would rejoice while the holiday-makers blasphemed.

It is this uncertainty which will frighten people at first. A farmer will not care to run a very large herd through the summer on this intensive system, unless he has a considerable reserve of grassland, which he can either cut for hay or allow his stock to graze in a dry season. He would also feel that during the summer months he was spending money on nitrates in order to produce three

commodities which are very cheap at present, and would become even cheaper if many farmers adopted this system. These three commodities are milk, of which there is always a surplus from May to the end of July; hay, which is already at pre-war prices; and fat cattle, which fetch poor prices when not stall-fed. Intensive cultivation of grassland is "high farming," and the old economic law holds good which lays it down that "high farming is no remedy for low prices."

Men with small dairy farms in the vicinity of towns will probably adopt the system, because they are used to feeding their cattle through the summer, and can afford to do so, if they "peddle" their own milk. Other farmers will go very warily until there is a better market for what they can produce off these carefully tended plots, though many will probably use nitrates on part of their grassland. Instead of spending money upon propaganda amongst farmers, it is possible that Lord Melchett would be better advised to contribute to the "drink more milk" campaign. Most of our countryside difficulties would disappear if our masters, the British public, would alter their ideas about liquid food values. The good is the enemy of the best, beer is certainly the enemy of milk. When the average Englishmen drinks as much milk as the average American, Swede, or Dane, then the makers of barbed wire will rejoice to see new fences dividing up all our pastures, while artists will shudder at the exaggerated green, the chlorophyll orgy, which marks the heavily nitrated plot.

G. T. GARRATT.

LIFE AND POLITICS

I DOUBT whether the Armistice Day Ceremony at the Cenotaph will last many years longer, in its present form. I think the time has come when it should be either drastically altered or allowed to die out. There has been this week the usual gush of hackneyed and obviously pumped up sentiment, the effect of which upon many who have quite orthodox feelings about the war, is to make them slightly sick. The truth is that this ceremony, which was spontaneous and eloquent at the first, has now hardened into a piece of rather oppressive ritual. What meaning it retains is almost directly contrary to the original purpose, of expressing thanks for the end of the war, and national gratitude to the dead. These emotions linger no doubt in the minds of the simple people who crowd year by year round the Cenotaph in Armistice week. But it was quite obvious on Sunday—to one spectator at all events—that the thing has become almost entirely a military display, and a very fine one. As an advertisement of the efficiency of the post-war armed forces it was admirable, and doubtless useful. Like everything that is ordered by the military mind the ceremony was rigid to the point of tedium; the spirit informing it was a proud and defiant patriotism. The side of the war that we do, truly and sensibly, want to forget, was forced upon our attention. The assembly was not even complete as a representation of the nation, for Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. MacDonald were pointedly not present, and I do not blame them. The display runs absolutely counter to the constructive peace movement on whose imperilled success the hopes of everyone, who is not drunk with nationalist emotion, rest. The true Armistice celebration was not at the Cenotaph at all, but in the Trafalgar Square "Call to Peace" later in the day. In a word, I do not believe that the ceremony on its present lines will long survive the Tory administration.

I must not be told, that in criticizing the celebration in this way, I wish the war to be forgotten. I want it to be

remembered in all its filthy horror, as the criminal remembers his crime, and the agony of his punishment. I see in the ceremony as it has now developed the working of the tendency which, as the war falls into the past, idealizes it, even glories in it. I watched on Sunday, with all the natural sympathy of an average decent human being, the multitude of men and women who were recalling their bereavement. Sorrow is a sacred thing. But I confess I derived nothing but a feeling of nausea at such a sight as that of a squad of misguided women, dressed in black, marching by and affronting the Cenotaph with the ridiculous Fascist salute. What were they doing there? Remember that a generation is fast growing up that knew little or nothing of the war, and will soon be ready, under the appropriate propaganda, to think of it as a glorious adventure. There will be, and there should be always, celebrations at the Cenotaph. People who lost friends and relatives in the war like to visit it once a year and to lay wreaths there in memory of their dead. This springs from a deep human instinct which no one, who is capable of feeling anything, would seek to discourage or belittle. I simply suggest that bayonets are incongruous with a scene of sorrow and repentant resolve.

The rather comic mess into which Sir Walter Preston has landed himself is of interest beyond his constituency of Cheltenham. Before the Derating Bill is through Parliament Mr. Chamberlain will have to deal with a good many revolting Cheltenhams. Someone told Sir Walter Preston—who seems to be an innocent soul—during his election, that Cheltenham stood to gain £24,000 from Mr. Churchill's benevolence. He rushed on to the platform with the glad tidings, and probably got in on the strength of it. Since then local inquiries have proved the absurdity of this notorious arithmetic. Cheltenham, someone else discovered, is more likely to lose £42,000; to pay so much more in rates, and that outside the town. The agitated Member rushed away to the Health Ministry and demanded to know the truth. This was a terrible predicament for a Government office, which, like all Government offices, lives by never, except in the last resort, committing itself to anything. The solution hit upon was delicious. The sum was given to three different officials to do, and they worked it out to three different results. Sir Kingsley Wood arrived at a fourth consoling total. The Tory Member, who, if a simple, is an honest man, blurted out in his distress that he had won Cheltenham under false pretences—which is probably the case—and that he will not vote for the Bill. This Cheltenham affair has given an unpleasant jar to the Government at the outset of the laborious and difficult task, on which Mr. Chamberlain is embarking, of persuading Members, now thoroughly alarmed for their electoral communications, that Mr. Churchill's gift is worth the acceptance. Perhaps the most illuminating thing about it is its effect of exposing the uncertainty of the proposals. The country will soon be full of local statisticians desperately struggling with sums, and, like the worthy officials in the Health Ministry, never making the totals agree.

The other day I was talking to a Liberal candidate of my acquaintance. He is, it is necessary to remark, the kind of Liberal whom nine out of ten Labour men, if left to themselves, would have no difficulty in supporting. He had been discussing with a certain Labour Member, a man of some importance, the prospects, not of a general Liberal-Labour "arrangement" at the election, but of lessening the evil of useless competition here and there by local understandings. This leader is the sort of Labour man whom nine out of ten Liberals would, if left to themselves,

have no difficulty in supporting. My Liberal friend and his Labour friend are both threatened, one with Labour and the other with Liberal opposition at the election, and the result will probably be the same in both cases—the victory of a "minority" Tory. In the circumstances they had agreed, in conversation, about the desirability of avoiding what I must, in spite of extremist derision, insist on describing as splitting the progressive vote. What is more, their views are shared by a very large number of sensible people in both parties. In spite of Mr. MacDonald's valiant defiance, the Labour Party has not the means for wasteful and indiscriminate candidatures, nor is the average Liberal so foolish as to want to fight for the sake of fighting. I came away from my talk convinced that while official party "arrangements" are impracticable, there is no reason in the world why, in pairs of constituencies where circumstances make it feasible, the local parties should not agree to refrain from useless and probably disastrous competition next year. I do not think this tendency, which is definitely beginning, will be stopped by vetoes from headquarters.

It is interesting to find M. Clemenceau speaking with sad depreciation in his old age of "La gloire," the *ignis fatuus* that has lured his nation into the pit so often in history. Perhaps, as he looks round him on the havoc made by the "glorious" peace of which he was the chief architect at Paris, he reflects that even the French have need of an ideal more trustworthy. At any rate, he is now heard expressing admiration of us English because "they have never allowed themselves to be bewitched by the thought of glory." This is extremely flattering to our national feelings, but I fancy it is only the Tiger's picturesque version of the common French tag about a nation of shopkeepers. Unfortunately, it is not in the least true. Why does M. Clemenceau make an exception of the Duke of Wellington? One would have said that if there was one Englishman who was conspicuously contemptuous of rhetorical stimulants it was that grim old realist. And why does M. Clemenceau call the Duke "second rate"? Because he beat Napoleon?

I see "be the papers," as Mr. Dooley used to say, that the problem of finding room for the Haig statue in Whitehall will probably be solved in the worst possible way by planting the statue in the middle of the street. The sentimental appeal has won the day. Still, I am pleased that they are not going to move away the Duke of Cambridge. Londoners would miss the flamboyant old fellow, so pompous and so absurd, from his accustomed place, where he seems to be valiantly and no doubt profanely defying the 'buses and taxis. I doubt, too, whether this is an appropriate moment to put another indignity upon a royal personage who has recently suffered from a piece of delicate literary satire, which certainly he would not understand, were he alive. My only interest in this solemn controversy about the Haig statue lay in the hope that it raised of getting cleared away the hideous war huts that still deface the only bit of green in Whitehall. The right thing would have been to shift the war buildings from the front of Montagu House, and put Haig there, where he could look at the Cenotaph and be out of the way. It is a reflection on the indifference of London that we have never succeeded in freeing precious open spaces, here and elsewhere, from the excrescence of war hutments. I never pass through Clifford's Inn without a hearty curse upon the Government Department that refuses to abolish the vile shack that still obliterates the little garden there—the garden that Samuel Butler used to see from his windows. I wish Butler was here now to offer a few remarks about it.

The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury will shortly receive from the Crown Office a letter of *Congé d'élire*. Dr. Johnson, you will remember, was an authority on this subject, for, "a gentleman" having maintained that a *congé d'élire* is not a command, but only a strong recommendation, he remarked, "Sir, it is such a recommendation, as if I should throw you out of a two pair of stairs window, and recommend you to fall soft."

I was not greatly impressed by the efforts of our poets to dignify this year's Armistice anniversary. By far the best thing, as I thought, was a short poem by Mr. Masefield—not, I believe, written for the occasion—which one of the newspapers published. It deserves to be generally known, and I quote it; for it seems to me the honest truth, if not great poetry:—

"ANY DEAD TO ANY LIVING
BOAST not about our score.
Think this:—There was no need
For such a Sack of Youth
As burned our lives,
We, and the millions more
Were Waste from want of heed,
From world-wide hate of truth
And souls in gyves.

"Let the dead bury the dead.
Let the great graveyards be.
Life had not health to climb,
It had no strength that saves.
Furbish our million graves
As records of a crime;
But give our brothers bread,
Unfetter heart and head,
Set prisoned angels free."

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CAN LABOUR WIN?

SIR,—Mr. MacDonald, naturally elated by his party's victory at Ashton, has on more than one occasion lately declared that there is a landslide towards Labour in the country which promises a clear Labour majority in Parliament after the next General Election. He has received unexpected support for this view from the Editor of the OBSERVER, who, however he may parade his political independence, is commonly regarded as a staunch Conservative. Both the Labour and Conservative Parties believe, no doubt with some justification, that the wide acceptance of the possibility of a Socialist Government being returned to both office and power next year will advance their electoral position. Labour will gain by the popularity which always attends a potential winner; Conservatives will be able to divert attention from their record by reviving the revolutionary scare which served them so well four years ago.

The significance of these facts can scarcely be missed. For some time now, many people of all parties have privately believed that the next General Election would result in a parliamentary deadlock in which no party would have a majority over the other two. During the last few months this view has been given prominence both on the platforms and in the Press by leading Liberal and Labour statesmen, and for the first time its logical consequence, the necessity of some kind of entente between the two progressive parties, has been faced. To many older politicians and to some young purists this contingency is anathema. To others, of whom I am one, the prospect of a Government that would cultivate, in Mr. Lloyd George's words, the "vast and fertile territory common to men of progressive minds in all parties" would be not only not distasteful, but definitely welcome. That prospect can only be realized next year if the parliamentary situation on which it would depend is recognized as inevitable, and neither Liberals nor Labour delude themselves, and fan their antagonism towards each other, with vain hopes of separate victory. It is for this reason, and in no resentful spirit against the great successes which Labour

has already achieved, that I venture to put the following figures before you.

Since 1924 Labour has gained ten seats from the other two parties, and held seven seats which it had already won, out of a total of fifty-two contests. Analysis shows that, first, every one of the seventeen seats won or held is a wholly industrial area, and that not one residential or agricultural or hybrid constituency is included in the list. Second, that of the gains: two, which were won in 1926 (and of these more later), are in London; five are in Yorkshire, or its Manchester annexe which juts out into Lancashire and Cheshire; one is in Glasgow's sphere of influence; and the two last in the manufacturing Midlands. That is to say, Labour has gained only in known Labour territory; there has been no invasion of fresh country. There is consolidation, natural and expected, but there is no landslide.

If the other side of the situation is examined, proof grows stronger.

There have been five contests in the Home Counties. One, Canterbury, was not fought at all; one, Faversham, showed a small increase in the Labour poll; three, Eastbourne, Ilford, and Epsom, showed substantial Labour decrease. In none did the Socialist candidate come within measurable distance of victory, and in three out of four contests he was well at the bottom of the poll.

There have been three elections in the Eastern Counties. Only two were fought by Labour, and in both it took third place.

There have been six contests in the West Country. One, the Forest of Dean, was a mining seat won by Labour in 1924, and held in the following year. In one, West Bristol, Labour was second. In four, Labour was bottom of the poll, including one forfeited deposit.

In the agricultural North there have been four contests: one, Ripon, was not fought by Labour, and in the three others the Labour candidate occupied last place, including two forfeited deposits.

Out of eighteen country or residential constituencies covering every quarter of England, Labour has won one—and that an exceptional case—has been second in two, bottom in nine, lost her deposit in three, and not fought six.

Lastly, in London there have been six fights since 1924. The first two, as stated above, resulted in Labour gains. But of the four contests which have taken place in the last two years, the Labour poll has dropped in every case, and the party's aggregate loss totals 6,667 votes and one seat.

What has become of the Labour landslide?

In the Capital, in all the rural areas of England—North, South, East, and West—Labour is either stationary or retreating; Ulster, the Scottish Highlands, the Border, and North Wales are all as yet uninvaded territory. In the great industrial areas of the provinces it has gained much, and will gain more; elsewhere it has made no impression so far.

In face of these facts can Mr. MacDonald or Mr. Garvin seriously maintain that a clear Labour majority next time is a political possibility? If it is not, let us make haste to clear our minds of dangerous prejudice. Whether it comes soon or late, an entente is inevitable. The Greeks, who were clever politicians, believed that if there was a good thing to be done, the wise man did it soon.—Yours, &c.,

BASIL MURRAY.

National Liberal Club.

A PROTEST

SIR,—By what strange perversity does "Onlooker," in his vivid and admirable sketch of the Parliamentary scene last week, attempt to justify the obscurity of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's phrasing? Mr. MacDonald, he says, is a first-rate Parliamentarian. No doubt he is; but I must protest against "Onlooker's" suggestion that this fact is incompatible with obscurity of language. Consider the example which he gives us. Mr. MacDonald, we are told, "remarked of the Anglo-French Pact that it was an agreement not to disarm but not to disarm," and "Onlooker" assures us that the meaning of these words, as spoken by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, was "clear as noonday." What in fact he meant to say was that the Anglo-French Pact is not an agreement to disarm, but an agreement not to disarm. Why, then,

should he not have said so? I confess I hope that "Onlooker" will never adopt Mr. MacDonald's noonday style.
—Yours, &c.,
PHILIP MORRELL.
November 11th, 1928.

THE O.T.C. AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—Like other correspondents I was glad to see that THE NATION had raised the question of the O.T.C. Perhaps my standpoint differs from theirs since I am a Public School master and I have a strong dislike for the O.T.C., both for the institution and the idea.

The Commanding Officer who wrote to you last week suggested that the O.T.C. are of importance in inculcating discipline. I disagree, with some emphasis. My own experience is that, while a number of intelligent and independently minded boys refuse to join, it is almost invariable that the boy who dislikes work or finds it difficult is a member. Of course, discipline is an ambiguous word. It is possible that some masters disapprove of boys with an unorthodox attitude and consider them a nuisance. But surely in the year 1928 one cannot honestly maintain that the self-discipline of the boy of independent outlook is not more valuable than the unreflecting obedience instilled by an O.T.C. The pressure that is brought to bear on those who are not members by both boys and masters is very strong, and in many cases it is much to their credit that they are willing to risk unpopularity and ill-natured criticism for the sake of their convictions.

If it is true that discipline in schools has much improved in the last twenty years, that is certainly attributable to the greater friendliness between boys and masters, to the decline in corporal punishment, and, generally, to a lessening of the tendencies towards repression. The new spirit has not arisen because of the O.T.C., but in spite of the idea for which they stand. It is not proven that discipline in schools where there is no military training is worse than in the Public Schools, and there are some reasons for believing the contrary.

The contention that an O.T.C. teaches boys how to handle men is stupid, as stupid as the belief in the value of unquestioning obedience in a world where mass movements, such as Communism and Fascism, are the greatest menace to social development. What kind of men after 1918 will consent to be "handled" like a platoon? Perhaps your correspondent is thinking of the non-European races. If so he ought, for the sake of his pupils, to learn something of the origin of the Swarajists, of the Wafd, and the Kuomintang.

It is possibly true that the O.T.C. encourage little active militarism. They certainly do nothing to suppress it, and they foster the nationalist obsession that is based on the obsolete ideas of prestige and glory. The memory of the War is already dim for the adolescent, and the false glamour of battle is beginning to come back. In fact your correspondent states my views exactly, when he implies that in the event of a war all the men trained in an O.T.C. will be ready to form the cadre of a new army. And, because they are going to fight, presumably they will once more believe in "Huns" and "atrocities" and all the other verbal filth of war.

The need of the day is the interpretation of the Kellogg Pact in terms of the individual conscience. The cadet corps is inspired by two ideas that are directly antagonistic to it, "preparedness" and national self-righteousness.

One's objections would be weaker if membership of the O.T.C. were voluntary. But even where there is supposed to be no compulsion all the weight of authority is given to the Corps. It is difficult for any boy who is not a member to rise to a position of responsibility in the school, and the protesting minority is deprived of valued privileges. Of course, many boys enjoy their time in the Corps and believe in its spirit; possibly that is the most disturbing element in the problem.

The real issue between those who believe in the O.T.C. and their opponents is fundamental. It is the difference between those who think that education is an unpleasant, unnatural process, a "breaking-in" imposed on us for our original sin, and those who look upon it as an approach to an amusing, interesting, and useful enjoyment of life. The

defender of the O.T.C. believes on principle that it is good for all people, and especially boys, to be made to do what they dislike. Some schoolmasters in 1928 are a little distrustful of this persistent mortification of the flesh.

I would also support the proposal that the L.N.U. should take up this question. I am convinced that the O.T.C. are a force that menaces the peace idea in a small but most important section of the community.—Yours, &c.,

N. B. C. LUCAS.

8, Bisham Gardens, London, N.6.

November 12th, 1928.

SIR,—What are we to think of a school capable of saying that as the War Office considers the O.T.C. a necessity "it would seem to be the duty of the Government to lead and of the Public Schools to follow"? What are we to think of any house-master who would "strongly deprecate any refusal" of a boy to join the O.T.C.? Are the schools of England to take their lead from the War Office; and are our sons to be submitted to the most painful of all ostracisms, that of their fellow boys, merely because there is not sufficient tolerance in a school to permit of differences of opinion on the fundamental issues of life?

The letter of "A Parent" must express the views of thousands who have a deep concern for preparing their sons for peace and not for war. As Headmaster of a Quaker School, containing a large proportion of non-Friends, I feel some reluctance in entering into any controversy of this kind; but I feel that I have something important to say, and that I ought to say it. I am convinced by experience that there is a moral, intellectual, and physical equivalent to the O.T.C., and that the period devoted to it wastes time by pushing out truly creative activity. To save space I will tabulate:—

1. I fail to respond to the argument that the O.T.C. solves the problem of discipline in school; for the only discipline worth having is self-imposed, not impressed from above.

2. Because it is so dull and mechanical the O.T.C. may not capture a boy's enthusiasm, and hence in a negative sense may be regarded as non-militaristic. But what an unimaginative and expensive form of peace propaganda! And what are bayonets for? To look at? We must at least be honest and admit that a school parade ground bristling with bayonets is not exactly a peace demonstration.

3. I maintain that there is nothing of value in O.T.C. training that cannot be given in other ways. Are map reading, physical training, and moral training teachable only on parade grounds? As to hardness—come and see our First XV.

4. I forbear to answer the argument of "Officer Commanding O.T.C." that disarmament should not begin in school. I could not be sure of the moderation of my words.

5. Can it be safely argued that the right way to prepare for peace is to create a "potential reserve of trained officers"? Why not arm the whole population?

6. If Scouting does not appeal to bigger boys it is because they are blasé; and they are no doubt blasé because they did not begin Scouting young. If a boy can wear a Scout's uniform without blushing he is sound.

7. If we are to dissipate the energies of our youth in unconstructive activities, where are we going to get recruits for constructive social service? At this school we have started Scouting, not by forming a troop within the school—that serves one purpose only—but by forming a troop, half of our boys and half of local boys, all under a local Scoutmaster, all meeting in the local clubroom, i.e., outside the school. It stirs the heart to see the unselfconscious way in which the wealthy mix with the poor in healthy activity and enjoyment.

8. In order to keep before the boys the ideal that it is better to save life than to destroy it, the school has developed Swimming and Life-Saving work to an exceptionally high degree of proficiency. We are not satisfied with the usual Certificates and Bronze Medallions. Large numbers of boys gain the instructor's certificates, and even the Diploma, the blue ribbon of the Royal Life Saving Society, and give instruction in the school swimming bath to local Scouts, so that they in their turn may gain the Certificate and Medallion of the Society.

I gasp at this long letter; but I wanted to show that there was a way out, and that this alternative works. Like "A Parent," we feel that the only way to get peace is to prepare for peace; and that there is an intellectual hitch somewhere in the argument that the O.T.C. is a peace machine.—Yours, &c.,

E. B. CASTLE.

Leighton Park School, Reading.

November 11th, 1928.

THE O.T.C. AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—Your correspondent "Officer Commanding O.T.C." draws an interesting comparison between the Territorial Army and the O.T.C. It occurs to me that to make the analogy reasonably accurate two alterations should be made in the O.T.C.: (1) It should be as free from pressure of any kind as is the Territorial Army, and (2) the name should be "Territorial Training Corps" instead of "Officers' Training Corps." The implication in the latter name is that Public School boys can scarcely be expected to become mere privates. Their rôle is to command. Privates must come from another class.—Yours, &c.,

C. W.

SIR,—The letter of Officer Commanding O.T.C. invites comment.

It is surely strange that he should pray in aid his admiration of a voluntary citizen army to justify a compulsory O.T.C. in the schools, and it is nonsense to imagine that such an army would be used for home defence only.

Burglary is indeed a misfortune which the citizen may suffer, but tackling burglars is not part of a child's education in these days. Burglary is recognized as somewhat abnormal.

What is distressing in this letter and in the system which it seeks to justify is the assumption that war (however hateful) is inevitable, and that every well brought up boy must be trained to arms. This blunts the edge of surprise at the existence of war in the growing mind of the boy. It leaves him less keen, less able, to solve the problem that has defeated his fathers.

The first political problem of to-day is to find an alternative to war. Compulsory military education assumes that the problem is insoluble. It is a particularly bad item in the education for citizenship which it is the boast of our Public Schools to give.—Yours, &c.,

H. BARRS DAVIES.

7, Meadway Gate, Golders Green, N.W.11.
November 13th, 1928.

COWPER'S MADNESS

SIR,—An opinion backed by the authority of Mr. Birrell and by the conjectured authority of Dr. Johnson is not to be lightly disputed. Yet although of some kinds of madness, as of certain kinds of theological opinions, it is enough to say that the man was mad and "there's an end on 't," to do so in the case of Cowper is surely to close an avenue to a deeper understanding both of the man and the poet. For his madness was never without rational significance. It was consistent with his nature as a whole, and the same failure to bring his sensibility and his reason into harmony which paralyzed so disastrously at times his faith in life, reduced also his significance as a poet.

By understanding such a divided condition we enter more intimately, not only into Cowper's life, but into the central dilemma of the creative mind in the eighteenth century, the dilemma which drove others than Cowper mad, which impoverished the poetry of those who remained sane, and of which the greatest of their Romantic successors sought with varying success a solution.

This, however, might seem to confirm Mr. Birrell's other opinion that there was no connection between Cowper's madness and the Reverend John Newton. And it is, of course, true that the complete apathy to which he was periodically subject was not Newton's doing. Some years before he met Newton his nerves had broken down before the prospect of a public examination in the House of Lords, and he had attempted suicide. In the Memoir which he wrote later he interpreted this experience, as he did the whole of his life previous to it, in the theological terms which he had then learnt from Martin Madan. But that Memoir, like the painful account of his brother's life and death which Newton hailed as a counterblast to the rationalism of the age, was composed as an Evangelical tract, and cannot be accepted as a true account of his state some years before.

It is, in fact, reasonable to suppose from our knowledge of him at the time that the idea of a penal God was very little associated with this first collapse into despair. It was

not the fear of the Lord, but of the House of Lords which became a nervous obsession. And the case against Madan and Newton is that they permanently impressed upon his sensibility the image of a penal God. Mr. Birrell acquits them of inventing Hell-Fire and Judgment to come. But it is not doctrines emanating from Rome or Geneva which enslave a mind so little given to abstractions as Cowper's. It was the forceful personalities who thrust the doctrines in his face, exploiting both his sickness and his natural timidity to gratify their own proselytizing zeal. Madan began the evil work, and Newton, who was quite ready to preach men mad to save what he considered their souls, completed it. For it was only after Cowper had passed through Madan's and Newton's hands that his delusion became fixed. It was fixed by a dream in which he heard the words, *Actum est de te, periisti*. And this dream echoed, as it set the seal upon Newton's constant teaching that "the Gospel is a salvation appointed for those who are ready to perish and is not designed to put them in a way to save themselves by their own works."

A religion which had respected Cowper's mind, sought to strengthen his will, and not excited his nerves, would at least have tempered, if it had not relieved, the melancholy and lassitude to which he would always at times have been subject.

Madan and Newton, however, while claiming and exerting authority as spiritual advisers, undermined his will, inflamed his nerves, and fixed in his mind the idea of a penal God from which he could seldom escape, awake or asleep. Henceforth the peculiar horror of his lifeless moods was that they were tied to a deathly dogma. And surely those who clothed that dogma in lurid images and encouraged him to associate it with his dejection may be said to have had some connection with his madness.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH I.A. FAUSSET.

Perley's Marsh, Bracklesham, Chichester.

November 10th, 1928.

ART AND CRITICISM

SIR,—It would have been fairer if Mr. Herbert Read, in his review of two chapters of "The Making of Literature," had indicated that I did not wholly identify myself with Jonson's view that "to judge of poets is only the faculty of poets"; and if, in taking me to task for saying that "the critic is himself an artist," he had noticed the qualification, that he must also be a scientist.

I am not sure whether Mr. Read is attributing to me the wisdom of maturity or the decrepitude of old age when he volunteers the opinion that I am nearer sixty than forty. He has guessed wrong. But what has my age got to do with it—unless, in his detestation of my errors, he hopes to seduce from my side the sympathies of the young and the fair?—Yours, &c.,

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES.

36, Chepstow Place, W.2.

LIBERALISM IN SCOTLAND

SIR,—May I correct a misprint in my letter on the Educational programme of the Scottish Liberal Federation? The report I referred to was the Malcolm Report. At the same time may I add something about Scottish Liberalism?

During and after the war many of the local organizations ceased to exist, but a remarkable rebirth has taken place, and everywhere there is fresh vitality and fresh enthusiasm, and we are looking forward hopefully to win seats both from the Tories and the Socialists. The triumph of Socialism in the Municipal Elections in England has not been repeated in Scotland, the Socialists losing nearly as many seats as they won. Scottish Liberals are unanimous in supporting the Liberal programme and in condemning the foreign policy and the rating policy of the present Government.

All we ask for is equal enthusiasm in the House of Commons, and a solid phalanx of Liberal members fighting the Rating Bill at every stage.

Such an example would do much to win the election for the Liberal Party.—Yours, &c.,

A. P. LAURIE.

DR. WATSON SPEAKS OUT

By A. A. MILNE.

THE suggestion of the Editor of THE NATION that I should myself review in his paper the collected adventures of my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes,* which, it will be remembered, I was the first to lay before the public, comes at an opportune moment; for though I am a man of even temperament (save when the weather adversely affects my old wound) I am not one that can sit down under injustice, and in the matter of this book I feel that a grave wrong has been done to me. In order to explain just what this is I must take the public into my confidence in a way that only became necessary in the March of this year, when, as will be remembered, Inspector Lestrade fell off the pier at Southend while the tide was unfortunately out, and suffered a dislocation of the cervical vertebræ which has delayed, if not actually restricted, the memoirs which he had proposed to publish. In those memoirs, as I understand from his widow, he would have done me the justice which a mistaken sense of loyalty to my friend Mr. Holmes has hitherto prevented me doing to myself.

In the course of my different narratives I have had occasion to refer from time to time to a medical practice which I had purchased at Paddington. The real truth about this practice has not yet come to light, for the various small deceptions in regard to it which I played upon my friend Holmes (always an easy man to deceive) have undoubtedly led both him and the public to suppose it other than it actually was. The truth which I am now at liberty to reveal is that the practice when I bought it consisted almost entirely of a Mrs. Withers, and that the surprising death of Mrs. Withers during my prolonged absence at Paisley in connection with the Syncopated Bacon Frauds left me with no means of subsistence other than an inadequate wound pension. In this predicament it was natural that I should look about for some other source of income.

I had always been fond of writing, and my descriptions of the Afghan Campaign as sent home in weekly letters to my Aunt Hester at Leamington, and by her submitted to the LEAMINGTON COURIER, had received considerable editorial commendation, although, owing to the exigencies of space and an unexpected local interest in some trouble at the gas-works, they had been denied actual publication. In the hope that my pen had not lost its cunning, I now decided to write out in narrative form some of the adventures in which my friend Holmes and I had participated, and submit them to one of the more popular monthly magazines. Of the instantaneous success of my venture into literature I need not now speak, for it is public knowledge. But the means by which this success was achieved has remained obscure until to-day, when, in the regrettable absence of Inspector Lestrade, it has at last fallen to me to reveal it.

One of the most useful arts by which a writer may achieve his effects is the Art of Contrast. I remember that in my letters home during the Afghan Campaign (in which I received my wound) I often employed this art with telling effect; contrasting, for instance, the sublimities of the mountain scenery, by which we were surrounded on all sides, with the occasional inadequacies of the sanitary arrangements; and so forth. So, now, in my stories, I decided to heighten the effect by contrasting as sharply as possible the characters of Holmes and myself. Holmes is in many ways the most remarkable man I have met, but he was human. *Humanum est errare*, as my old Anatomy Lecturer used to say. Holmes was human enough to make

mistakes, and human enough to resent their being found out. It became my habit, therefore, both in my personal relations with him, and in the narratives which I was putting before the public, to cover up, as far as possible, the very natural errors into which he fell, and to heighten the public appreciation of his amazing talent by contrasting it whenever possible with an assumed obtuseness of my own. It amuses me now to think how little he suspected this, just as it fills me with pride to think how greatly he, and through him the country, profited by it. For Holmes was an artist, and, above all, an artist must believe continuously in his own powers.

Let me refer my readers to the story known as "The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax." In this story, it will be remembered, I record how Holmes deduced from the appearance of my boots that I had just come back from a Turkish bath. It was a matter of habit with me by this time to admiringly admit the correctness of all his inductions, and to ask for the explanations which he was longing to give. The explanation in this case was that my boots were tied with an elaborate bow, such as only a bootmaker or a bath attendant would use; undoubtedly a keen piece of observation and an intelligent deduction. But he went on to say, "It is unlikely that it is the bootmaker, since your boots are nearly new. Well, what remains? The bath." Why, because one has a newish pair of boots, one should not buy a pair of slippers (as in fact I had been doing, having received a substantial cheque that morning from the Editor), why one should not even buy a second pair of boots, I do not know; but it was without difficulty, almost without conscious thought, that I replied, "Holmes, you are wonderful." It was on this same occasion that he deduced from the splashes on my left sleeve that I had sat on the left side of my hansom (which was true), and that therefore I must have had a companion (which was not true); for, like most men, I prefer to lean against the side of a cab rather than sit upright in the middle. But to have told Holmes so would have destroyed his confidence in himself, and to have told the public so would undoubtedly have detracted from the financial value of the stories. "Holmes," I said, again, "you are marvellous," and he never suspected otherwise.

Undoubtedly his arrogance grew under my flattery, and sometimes this arrogance was hard to bear. It will be remembered that, in our inquiry into the curious experience of "The Retired Colourman," it fell to me to undertake the preliminary investigations. I was giving Holmes some account of these, and describing with the minute particularity on which he insisted the state of a certain wall, "mottled with lichens and topped with moss," as I put it, when he broke in rudely, "Cut out the poetry, Watson. I note that it was a high brick wall." Now it so happened that in an earlier inquiry into the extraordinary mystery of "The Decentralized Tomato"—one of the cases which I have not recorded, as being only notable for the reason that Holmes was searching Newcastle for a tall left-handed man with a red beard and long finger-nails at the very moment when Lestrade was arresting the actual murderess at Brighton—in the course of that inquiry Holmes himself had said to me, speaking of the high brick wall behind the tomato-house, "Tut-tut, Watson, the lichen. Does it suggest nothing to you?" And when I had made some such obvious answer as that the wall seemed to have been there a long time, he went on muttering to himself, "Fool! The lichen! Why wasn't I told about the lichen?" It will be seen, then, that my deliberate policy of humouring Holmes was not without its undeserved humiliations.

My readers may ask why I should be taking the public into my confidence now when I have put up with these

* "Sherlock Holmes: Short Stories." By Arthur Conan Doyle. (Murray. 7s. 4d.)

humiliations in silence for so long. The answer lies in this final collection of all the stories into one volume. If my readers will turn to the last section of the volume, entitled "The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes," they will read there two stories, inferior stories if I may say so without prejudice, written by Holmes himself. As a writer who has taken himself seriously, even from those early Afghan days, I do not object to belittling myself if by so doing I can increase the artistic value of my narrative. But I can reasonably protest when another belittles me. Moreover, these two stories were inserted into "The Case-Book" without my permission, and by collusion, I must suppose, between Holmes and the publishers. I protested strongly at the time of the book's separate publication; I protest again strongly now. I have written both to the Incorporated Society of Authors and to the British Medical Council. I have also called the attention of Messrs. Murray to a demonstrably false statement in one of the stories, which says with all the circumstance of apparent truth, "It was in January, 1903. . . . The good Watson had at that time deserted me for a wife." I married, as my readers know, in 1887, and my poor wife died in the early nineties. For reasons into which I need not go now I did not marry again. Already, as the result of this false publication, I have had an inquiry from the Income Tax Commissioners as to my second wife's independent means, and a circular addressed to Mrs. Watson calling attention to an alleged infallible method, obtained from an unregistered and unqualified Indian sepoy, for removing superfluous hair. Is it any wonder that I am indignant?

I therefore solemnly call upon the publishers to withdraw the volume from circulation, even though I myself shall be the first to suffer financially by it. Fortunately I have enough now for my simple needs. With the proceeds of previous sales I have purchased another small practice (an elderly gentleman of arthritic tendencies called Ferguson), and with this and my wound pension (a relic of the Afghan Campaign) I am content. But if that content is to be disturbed by the continued circulation of false statements, then let me warn all concerned that I shall not take it lying down. *There are other revelations which I could make. . . .*

PLAYS AND PICTURES

OF the three pieces given at the A.D.C. at Cambridge last week, Stravinsky's "The Tale of a Soldier" is, of course, the most famous, and to those who saw it for the first time the most difficult. Like all highly original work, it begins by destroying one's conceptions, and only by degrees builds them up again. Therefore the chance which so rarely occurs of seeing and hearing it was unusually welcome. The acting, save that of Madame Lopokova, was amateur, but on the whole that lent a sincerity to the performance which was of advantage to it. There was no suspicion of fatigue, or routine, or conventionality. Mr. Redgrave was particularly effective as the Soldier, and Mr. Arundell was successful as the reader. But in some ways the performance of Shakespeare's "A Lover's Complaint" (for the first time) was the most interesting of the pieces. The poem seemed to be neither acted nor read aloud, but presented from another angle in another medium. Mr. Grant exquisitely emphasized the visual side of the poem by his decorations, and suggested how curiously the sister arts might illustrate each other if they chose. Here Madame Lopokova showed genuine dramatic talent, and her accent was no more foreign than that of the Elizabethans would have been. Indeed, it would be delightful if she would employ her sympathy, imagination, and wit in thus translating for us other famous poems. Finally, Mr. Hedley Briggs danced some very witty

and fantastic measures. Altogether the evening, if unequal, was one of unusual exhilaration.

* * *

One of the actors in "The Perfect Wife" (at the Embassy Theatre) appears on the bills as "Reginald Tate, &c." Without reflecting on Mr. Tate's quite admirable little performance as the villain of the piece, one cannot help feeling that the description is apt. There is so much "et cetera" in the play that there is no room for anything else. A jumble of antique clichés, a concatenation of antediluvian situations, a threadbare "wholesome" outlook, all these combine to make the piece as boring an entertainment as has been produced for a long time. Some of the actors, particularly Mr. Sebastian Smith and Miss Nadine March, come near to infusing life into their parts, but the firm hand of the producer has condemned them to act as only the most provincial of provincial barnstormers know how, and the result is not unnaturally dire. The Embassy has made such a promising start that one feels that it may yet build up a reputation equal to that of its Hampstead neighbour. But this play, and the one before it, will take a lot of living down.

* * *

"High Treason," Mr. Pemberton Billing's play at the Strand, rests triumphantly on improbabilities, culminating in the murder of the Prime Minister by a bishop, and his subsequently highly unorthodox trial. It is difficult to see what Mr. Billing is driving at—if, indeed, he is driving at anything. His mood is melodramatic to a degree, but his characters have not the wholehearted obsession for good or evil which is essential to all creatures of the Melville world. I suppose the P.M. is the villain, but there is so little that is villainous about him, and so little that is heroic about his murderer, that although one feels that the play contains a great moral lesson, I could not for the life of me see what that lesson was. It is something to do with world peace, since there is a lot of talk about a Peace League, but Mr. Billing's tirades are destructive rather than constructive, and therefore bad propaganda. The play is better than certain others of the same intention, in that, with the exception of one scene, it is not nauseating. But it is dull. The least unconvincing performances are given by Mr. J. Fisher White as the judge in the trial scene (which seems interminable), and Mr. George Bealby as a newspaper proprietor, not unsuggestive of a certain Peer of the Realm.

* * *

In a weekly journal such as this it would obviously be impossible to keep pace with the six or more concerts given every day at this time of year in London. All one can hope to do is to record briefly one or two of the more striking features. The first concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society's 117th season introduced us to a new piano concerto by Nicholas Medtner, with the composer as soloist. As with everything else of his that one happens to have heard it was exceedingly difficult to make up one's mind about. In Russian music, as in Russian literature and thought, there are two main tendencies—the Slavophile or nationalist, and the Westernist or eclectic. Medtner belongs to the second, and has all its characteristic faults and virtues. The conception and style of writing generally are often commonplace and uninteresting, but the purely cerebral power and the high level of craftsmanship, particularly in matters of rhythm, are undeniable. It is music one can admire, but hardly love; music that one might conceivably dislike, but still be compelled to respect.

* * *

An unusually interesting concert was that given last week by Mr. John Goss, consisting exclusively of works by Bernard van Dieren. The programme included a string quartet, a Serenata for chamber orchestra, an exceedingly entertaining diversion entitled "Marginalia in Musica"—a setting to music of a large part of De Quincey's essay "On Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts"—a group of piano pieces, and two groups of songs. That this composer's distinguished and elusive art is beginning to arouse the appreciation it deserves was shown by the warm reception accorded to the vocal items. His larger instrumental works, however, and particularly the string quartets, still

seem to baffle those unfamiliar with the composer's intensely individual methods and processes of thought. Mr. Barbirolli secured a sensitive and understanding performance of the beautiful *Serenata* for chamber orchestra, but the playing of the fine string quartet—Van Dieren's sixth, by the way—left much to be desired, and was probably in large part responsible for the failure of the work to make much impression on the audience.

Among innumerable vocal recitals the two given by Mr. Malcolm Davidson at the Wigmore Hall recently deserve special mention. Mr. Davidson's voice, though pleasing enough, has no exceptional qualities; what distinguishes his singing is rather the high level of interpretative ability which he brings to bear on every song. Further evidence of his fine musicianship was afforded by a group of charming songs of his own composition. Miss Elisabeth Schumann's recital at the Queen's Hall showed her to be a singer of precisely the opposite type. She enchants one with the sheer beauty of her tone, and her complete mastery in every department of vocal technique, but fails to convince one that she is a great interpretative artist. Mr. Davidson sings in order to show us the beauty of the song and to give us an insight into the composer's mind; for Miss Schumann a song would seem to exist primarily in order to display her beautiful voice. Both methods of approach are capable of affording great æsthetic pleasure, but there can be little doubt as to which of the two is the higher.

The exhibition recently opened at Messrs. Tooth's galleries is the first to be held in London of the work of the Russian sculptor Ossip Zadkine; it consists of gouache drawings as well as sculpture, and the majority of it is recent work, done during the last two years. Mr. Zadkine's work shows him to be essentially a carver rather than a modeller: this quality is apparent even in his recent bronzes, as well as in his wooden or stone figures. He relies largely on sharp linear pattern to emphasize changes of plane—especially in some of his recent works such as "The Three Graces," "The Musicians," "The Ball Players," &c., but this does not at all result in his work becoming flat. It remains always true sculpture three-dimensional, and approachable from any point of view, and the linear pattern gives often an effect of very pleasing liveliness. One of the best things here is the large torso in Burgundy stone, which has a really impressive monumental quality. All Mr. Zadkine's work has great vitality and originality. At the Claridge Gallery there is a very entertaining exhibition of miniature gardens designed by a Spanish architect, M. Nicolas Rubio, made by a master ceramist, M. Llorens Artigas, decorated by M. Raoul Dufy, and planted with miniature trees and shrubs. It is a charming idea, exquisitely carried out, and the gardens are pleasantly reminiscent of Southern Europe.

The enormous new cinema theatre which has arisen out of the ruins of the old "Empire" in Leicester Square was opened amid considerable pomp on Thursday of last week. The aim of each new "super-cinema" is to surpass the last in luxury and magnificence, and the "Empire" is no exception to this rule; it is equipped with vast refreshment-rooms, smoking-rooms for gentlemen, and "cosmetic-rooms" for ladies, marble staircases, a fountain, an orchestra which rises *en bloc* into view of the audience, but its grandeur is somewhat spoilt, from the practical point of view, by the extreme discomfort of the seats. After several shorter items, including news events by movietone and greetings to the Empire from film stars in Hollywood, the main film was a screen adaptation of Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells." Miss Norma Shearer took the leading part in this pleasant and well-photographed production. Another event in the film world last week was the opening by Mr. L. S. Amery of the new studios of British Instructional Films Ltd. at Welwyn Garden City. This firm has been responsible for some of the best British films that have been made, including the admirable "Secrets of Nature" series, and their finely equipped new

studios, where Mr. Anthony Asquith is already at work on a new film, should give every opportunity for the production of first-class work.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, November 17th.—

Orchestral Concert for Children, Central Hall, 11.
Jelly d'Aranyi, Violin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
Winifred Christie, Pianoforte Recital, Queen's Hall, 3.
Jean Sterling Mackinlay, Old Songs and Ballads, Æolian Hall, 3.30.

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, at University Women's Sale, in aid of International Fellowships, Crosby Hall, Chelsea, 3.

Mr. W. H. Ansell, on "The Appreciation of Architecture," 34-36, Bedford Square, 3.

Sunday, November 18th.—

Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, on "England Changing Hands," South Place, 11.

Film Society's film—Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," New Gallery Kinema, 2.30.

Mr. R. A. Prowse, on "Is the Good Artist always a Bad Man?" Hampstead Ethical Institute, 11.15.

French Players in Molière's "Misanthrope," Arts Theatre Club, 3.

Paderewski, at the Royal Albert Hall, 3.

Monday, November 19th.—

"Clara Gibbins," by Aimée and Philip Stuart, at the Vaudeville.

The Oxford Players, in Strindberg's "The Spook Sonata," Festival Theatre, Cambridge (November 19th-24th).

Don S. de Madariaga, on "Disarmament," School of Economics, 5.

Thomas Marshall, Pianoforte Recital, Æolian Hall, 3.15.

Sir James H. Jeans on "The Lives of the Stars," the Wireless, 9.15.

Wednesday, November 21st.—

"A Hundred Years Ago," at the Lyric, Hammersmith.
Sammons-Murdoch, Sonata Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Rabinot, Violin Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.15.

Professor Sir Thomas Oliver on "Lead Poisoning in Industries," 37, Russell Square, 4.

Thursday, November 22nd.—

Mr. Bernard Shaw, on "The Future of Western Civilization," Kingsway Hall, 8.30.

"La Bohème" (Puccini), at the Old Vic, 7.45.

Dr. C. S. Myers, on "Success," Morley College for Working Men and Women, 61, Westminster Bridge Road, 8.

Dr. Marie Stopes, at the C.B.C. Annual Meeting, Essex Hall, 8.

Mr. Edward Shanks, reading his own Poems, Poetry Bookshop, 6.

Friday, November 23rd.—

Mr. H. D. Henderson, on "The New Industrial Revolution," the Wireless, 7.25.

Fachiri-Tovey, Sonatas, Wigmore Hall, 3.

OMICRON.

THE MATCH

In a round cavern of glass, in steely water
(None yet so comfortless appalled the day)
A man-eel poised, his lacquer-skin disparted
In desert reds and wharfy green; his eyes too
Burned like beads of venom.
Beyond the glass the torturer stood, with thrustings,
Passes, grimaces, toothy grins, warped ocellades.
To this black magic mania's eel retorted
With fierce yet futile muzzle, and lancing darted
In an electric anger, against the wall
Of glass, or life: those disputants of nothing
So acidly attracting, lovingly loathing,
Driven by wild radii, goblin lovers, seemed yet
The difficult dumb-show of my generation.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

London Amusements.

BARRY JACKSON'S PRODUCTIONS.

GARRICK THEATRE.

Gerrard 9513.

Every Evening at 8.30.

Matinees Weds. & Sats. at 2.30.

THE RUNAWAYS

A New Comedy by EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

AUTHOR OF

"THE FARMER'S WIFE" and "YELLOW SANDS."

ROYALTY THEATRE.

Gerrard 2690.

Every Evening at 8.30.

Matinees Thurs. and Sats. at 2.30.

BIRD IN HAND

A Comedy by John Drinkwater.

250TH PERFORMANCE AND SOUVENIR NIGHT
FRIDAY NEXT.HERBERT LOMAS.
JILL ESMOND.IVOR BARNARD.
FELIX AYLMER.

MATINEES FOR THE WEEK.

DRURY LANE. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

FORTUNE. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

GARRICK. Weds. & Sats., 2.30.

HIPPODROME. Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

KINGSWAY. To-day, Sat., 2.15.

SHOW BOAT.

"NAPOLEON'S JOSEPHINE."

THE RUNAWAYS.

"THAT'S A GOOD GIRL."

"THUNDER ON THE LEFT."

LONDON PAVILION. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE. Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

PRINCES. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

ROYALTY. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. Mon., Tues. & Fri., 2.40.

THIS YEAR OF GRACE.

EXCELSIOR.

FUNNY FACE.

BIRD IN HAND.

"77 PARK LANE."

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. (Gerrard 2304.)

NIGHTLY, at 8.15.

Matinees, Wednesdays and Fridays, 2.30.

"PLUNDER." A New Farce by Ben Travers.

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

COURT (Sloane 5137.)

"THE CRITIC."

Followed by "TWO GENTLEMEN OF SOHO."

MONDAY NEXT, and Every Evening, at 8.30.

Matinees, Thursday and Saturday, at 2.30.

DRURY LANE. (Temple Bar 7171.) 8.15 precisely. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"SHOW BOAT." A New Musical Play.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Ger. 0313.) EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30.

MATHESON LANG

ISOBEL ELSOM

and Robert Farquharson in

"SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS."

FORTUNE (Temple Bar 7373.)

"NAPOLEON'S JOSEPHINE."

EDITH EVANS.

ATHENE SEYLER.

LESLIE BANKS.

LEON QUARTERMAINE.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30.

MATS., THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

GARRICK. (Gerrard 9513.)

CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

For full particulars see Special Advertisement above.

HIPPODROME, London. Evenings, at 8.15.

Gerrard 0650.

MATINEES, WEDS., THURS. & SATS., at 2.30.

"THAT'S A GOOD GIRL."

JACK BUCHANAN.

ELSIE RANDOLPH.

KINGSWAY. (Holb. 4032.)

Nightly, 8.30.

Matinee, Saturday, 2.30.

ANGELA BADDELEY in "THUNDER ON THE LEFT." LAST WEEK.

By Richard Pryce, from Christopher Morley's Novel.

LYRIC Hammersmith.

"A HUNDRED YEARS OLD."

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

ONE hopes that Mr. Stanley Unwin will follow Mr. Cape's example and send the Home Secretary a complimentary copy of a book just published by him: "The Struggle for the Freedom of the Press, 1819-1882," by William H. Wickwar (Allen & Unwin, 16s.), and it seems only right that if Sir William Joynson-Hicks spent one week-end reading "The Well of Loneliness," he should spend another reading of how his predecessors, one hundred years ago, tried unsuccessfully to prevent people expressing opinions, discussing subjects, or writing books of which Home Secretaries disapprove. Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," Palmer's "Principles of Nature," Southey's "Wat Tyler," Shelley's "Queen Mab," Byron's "Cain," "Don Juan," and "The Vision of Judgment," were among the books which the "Jixes" of 1828 thought should be suppressed as seditious, blasphemous, or obscene. The judges of those days agreed with the "Jixes"; the aggregate number of years which people spent in prison for publishing Paine and Palmer must have been enormous; the Courts held that "Wat Tyler," "Queen Mab," "Cain," and "Don Juan," were all seditious, blasphemous, or obscene, and Leigh Hunt's brother, John, who in 1812 had been sent to jail for two years because he wrote that the Prince Regent was "a corpulent man of fifty, a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps," was in 1824 found guilty and sentenced for publishing the poem which most people now consider to be Byron's masterpiece. It is significant that these very poems, which the authorities tried to suppress as blasphemous or indecent in the twenties, are included in the Collected Works of Southey, Shelley, and Byron which were presented to me at the age of twelve at my private school in 1891 and 1892 as "Good Conduct" or Scripture Prizes. One trembles to think of the books which may be presented in 1990 as "Good Conduct" Prizes in Girls' Schools.

Mr. Wickwar has written an admirable book because he gives one the facts and his authorities for them. It is not altogether an easy book to read for that very reason; the volume is literally packed tight with facts, and Mr. Wickwar rarely, if ever, interrupts his narrative by the obtrusion of his own opinion or prejudices. It is a work of real historical value which ought to be—though one cannot hope that it will be—read by all judges, magistrates, Home Office officials, Public Prosecutors, Home Secretaries, and politicians. It is because every generation so effectually buries its own dead, its own political stupidities and cruelties, that political progress is so slow and the law always lags from fifty to one hundred years behind contemporary civilization. It is almost inconceivable that, if the full history of the persecutions and prosecutions of 1819 to 1882 were widely known, rational people would allow the law with regard to expression of opinion and the publication of books and newspapers to remain as it is to-day.

The history of those persecutions and prosecutions is the main theme of Mr. Wickwar's book, for it forms the struggle for what is called "the freedom of the Press." Until I read his book, I had no idea that books and pamphlets played an even greater part in that struggle

than newspapers. After the Napoleonic Wars the governing classes were faced by what, looking back, we now see to have been the rising tide of democracy. They tried to stem the tide by forcibly suppressing all opinions with which they did not agree. Their weapon was the law, which still exists, governing seditious, blasphemous, and obscene libels. A publication was—and is—a seditious libel if it tended to bring into hatred or contempt or excite disaffection against the King, the Government, the Constitution, Parliament, or the administration of justice. The governing classes—and, therefore, of course the judges—in the twenties interpreted this law to mean that, in effect, it was a criminal offence punishable with fine or imprisonment to criticize King or Government or to advocate any change in the Constitution. One judge held that "to make the people discontented with the Constitution under which they live" was a "gross and seditious libel"; another that to "make the people dissatisfied with the Government under which it lives" is "unconstitutional and seditious." Under this law, Burdett was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of £2,000 for sending an Open Letter to the Electors of Westminster protesting against the Peterloo Massacre; and hundreds of poorer and obscurer men suffered fine or imprisonment for writing or selling publications which criticized the Government. John Hunt was sentenced to one year's imprisonment for saying what, eleven years before the Reform Act, everyone knew to be true, namely, that the House of Commons was "for the main part composed of venal boroughmongers, grasping placemen, greedy adventurers, and aspiring title-hunters, or representatives of such worthies."

The people who fought the battle of the freedom of the Press were the Radicals, and for the most part they had both Whig and Tory against them. Politically the battle was part of the great struggle for Reform of the House of Commons. But because the Radicals were in the forefront of the battle, the law of blasphemous libel became as important as that of seditious libel. Richard Carlile, who, according to Professor Trevelyan, "suffered and achieved more for the Liberty of the Press than any other Englishman of the nineteenth century," and many others who followed in his footsteps were deists, rationalists, or atheists, and they claimed the right to express their opinion about religious questions. Here the battle was fought over the right to publish books criticizing the Christian religion. The governing classes maintained that any book criticizing the Christian religion, provided that it was sold to the "lower orders," was a blasphemous libel, and the judges supported them. Carlile forced the issue by republishing Paine's "Age of Reason" in 1819 and selling it in the famous shop at No. 55, Fleet Street. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of £1,000. It was the beginning of a truly heroic struggle. Carlile's wife reopened the shop, was prosecuted, and sent to join her husband in Dorchester Gaol. Her place was taken by Carlile's sister, who was immediately sent to prison for twelve months for selling "Appendix to Paine's Theological Works." There followed a long line of volunteer shop assistants who were prepared to suffer and suffered in the cause of freedom. The story of how the cause triumphed in the twenties and how the Government failed should be read in Mr. Wickwar's pages.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

THE ROAD TO THE FRANCHISE

"The Cause": A Short History of the Women's Movement in Great Britain. By RAY STRACHEY. (Bell. 15s.)

MRS. STRACHEY'S "Short History of the Women's Movement"—and it is not so very short, for it runs to over 400 closely printed pages—cannot help but make fascinating reading for all those men and women who at any period of their lives have given work and thought to the political, social, and economic liberation of half this country's inhabitants. To some of us who, though working for feminist ends still unattained, have from earliest maturity enjoyed as a matter of course our personal freedom, who have possessed property, earned and spent our own money, maintained our individualities unimpaired through marriage and motherhood, and who can view in history's perspective the setbacks and disappointments which seemed interminable to the pioneers, the wonder lies not in the protractedness of the struggle but in its swiftness. In little more than a long lifetime—for a living woman, Dame Millicent Fawcett, has herself witnessed and assisted in the effective development of the whole movement—the position of women has been revolutionized.

"A hundred years ago," writes Mrs. Strachey, "a girl could go nowhere unprotected; to-day there is nowhere she cannot go." In 1847, the year in which Millicent Garrett was born, women were still of no account except in so far as they were related to male persons. They had no real education, no right if married to their own earnings or property, no control over their children, no power to divorce the worst of husbands, no standing in industry, no entry to any profession save that of governess, and, in the middle classes, no recognized occupation.

"The fear of being 'unladylike,' or, worse still, 'unmaidenly,' was a genuine anxiety, and almost everything agreeable appeared to be either the one or the other. To ride to hounds, speak to a young man, to think for one's self, even to own a dog, were matters for hesitation, and the dreary timidity of feminine thought was such that the very problems which the new philanthropy was attempting to tackle were for the most part unmentionable."

Hence, even the pioneers had not yet begun their task. Twenty-two years had still to run before John Stuart Mill published his "Subjection of Women." Caroline Norton had certainly written, ten years earlier, her famous pamphlets on the Custody of Infants, but Barbara Leigh Smith was only twelve, Emily Davies seventeen, and Elizabeth Garrett eleven. And Florence Nightingale, at twenty-seven, was still chafing, in bitter resentment, against the empty tedium of young ladyhood. How bitterly she chafed, and how resentfully, is shown by the passionate fragment "Cassandra," which formed part of the second volume of Miss Nightingale's unpublished book "Suggestions for Thought to Searchers after Religious Truth," written in 1852, and which Mrs. Strachey prints in an Appendix that is quite the most valuable treasure contained in her book.

Her early chapters, presented with sympathy and a gracious humour, merit nothing but praise. When, however, she comes to contemporary history—always, of course, less easily adapted than the past to impartial treatment—the author allows her partisan feelings to some extent to vitiate her judgment. In spite of one or two gallant efforts to be fair to the Women's Social and Political Union, her obvious interest in justifying the "constitutional" methods of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies as contrasted with the direct action of the militants, causes her to lose that scientific detachment which is the main difference between history and propaganda.

The extent to which the tactics of Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers contributed to female enfranchisement is a question likely to be debated as long as women have memories, and to remain for ever undecided. To many present-day feminists who are too young to have played a part in either section of the pre-war movement, the decorous, weighty machinery of the constitutionalists, which tended like all such machinery to absorb their attention at the expense of their objects, seems as likely to have hampered the progress of the suffragists as the spectacular, unconventional

organization of the militants to have damaged their reputation. All emancipatory movements ultimately fall back upon constitutional formulæ—the French Revolution groaned with them—but powerful campaigners are apt to disregard them until their goal is achieved. This at least is certain: for that mass of the unobservant and the indifferent who constitute the majority in any society, and who in the early nineteen-hundreds knew nothing and cared less about philanthropic causes, or the struggle for girls' secondary schools and higher education, or the entry of women into professions, or the injustices of the law, the militant suffragists put the women's movement on the map. Should a representative of that movement be summoned to Valhalla to join the always inspired but not always judicious company of humanity's liberators—Oliver Cromwell and George Washington and Danton and Mazzini and Lenin—it is Mrs. Pankhurst, and no other, who would appropriately play the part.

Controversial questions notwithstanding, Mrs. Strachey's book is a very valuable addition to the growing literature of feminism. Apart from one notable omission—the absence of all mention of Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labour," that "Bible of the woman's movement," which in 1911 supplied the thinking world with the theory that lay behind so much disturbing practice—her treatment is comprehensive, clear, and always readable, even when she is dealing with the dreary period between 1884 (failure of the Women's Suffrage Amendment to the Reform Bill) and 1903 (foundation of the Women's Social and Political Union). And for those who are interested in the personalities rather than the politics of the movement, the book is well worth buying for the sake of "Cassandra" and its revelation of the wastage of human power to which mankind would still be submitting if the women's cause had failed.

VERA BRITTAIN.

NEW NOVELS

Bewitched. By BARBEY D'AUREVILLE. Translated by L. C. WILCOX. (Harper. 6s.)

Fire Down Below. By MARGARET IRWIN. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

What Is Love? By E. M. DELAFIELD. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

Portrait of a Spy. By TEMPLE THURSTON. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

A Wedding Morn. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. (Elkin Mathews. 6s.)

Portrait of the Misses Harlowe. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. (Elkin Mathews. 6s.)

The Sword of Wood. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Elkin Mathews. 6s.)

"OLD books are the best" is one of those statements that are none the less correct for being always on the lips of the people one most dislikes. Barbey's "Bewitched" (*L'Ensorcelée*), in a fairly competent American translation, is the best book on this list, and will appeal for varying reasons to English readers. Barbey lived all through the nineteenth century, and though he published forty volumes of journalism, novels and poetry, he has never got the position he deserves, even in France. So the English reader can hardly be expected to know much about him. Harpers are therefore to be congratulated on issuing this remarkable novel by the "Norman Walter Scott," a phrase of doubtful compliment, like the "Johnian Newton." He was certainly a very different writer from our leisurely romantic. His novels are short, concentrated and violent. "The Bride of Lammermoor" is, in fact, the only one to which "*L'Ensorcelée*," a Chouan story, can be compared. Again, Sir Walter is typically British, in that he is most happy with his comic characters, while Barbey, characteristically Latin, had no sense of humour whatever. Yet a French critic has written with insight, "M. d'Aurévilly had a marked predilection for Shakespeare, Byron, Burns, and Walter Scott, and it is not without reason that M. Léon Rictor compares him to an English writer transplanted among us with his pride of caste and numberless prejudices." He shares Scott's loathing of the mercantile age and his romantic attitude to the past. The Chouannerie, so atrocious and so sublime, was his '15 and '45. Again, his rather angry Catholicism separates him from Scott, though Scott could have been a good Catholic in France without any difficulty. Then he is better "educated" than Scott,

a man of even vaster reading and fabulous memory. He had, too, I think, a more sure historical sense. What could be more evocative than this sketch of an eighteenth-century nobleman who had lived on too long:—

"The Marquis was very good at whist. He was seventy-nine. Whom had he not played with? He had played with Maurepas, with the Comte d'Artois himself, who was as skilful at whist as at tennis, with the Prince de Polignac, with the Bishop Louis de Rohan, with Cagliostro, with the Prince of Lippe, with Fox, with Dundas, with Sheridan, with the Prince of Wales, with Talleyrand, with the Devil, when he surrendered himself to all the devils, in the worst days of the Emigration." ("Les Diaboliques.")

I do not think Scott could have been quite as subtle as this.

"Bewitched" tells the story of a young aristocratic Norman girl who had married a rich peasant without loving him. She, dominated by her ancestry, falls madly in love with an abbé who had been hideously maimed in the Chouan war and attempted suicide. He has recovered, but has to purchase back his sin of self-murder. Engrossed in his terrible memories and savage repentance, he takes no notice of his silent adorer. She, eaten up by her passion, perishes by her own hand. Two years later the abbé, who has expiated his sin, is once more permitted to officiate, but as on Easter morning he elevates the Host, a shot rings out, and he falls dead, killed by the man whose wife he had bewitched. This melodramatic plot can only be carried off by sustained effort. But Barbey succeeds. The savagery of the landscape, the violence of the passions and the population, the superstition, the atheism, the political loathings go to create a world, not unlike that of "Wuthering Heights," in which all things are possible. "Bewitched" is a *tour de force*, and most people who read it will want to go on with his other novels (they are all shortish), "Une Vieille Maîtresse," "Le Prêtre Marié," "Les Diaboliques," and glance at his excellent account of Beau Brummell. Of all French writers he, I think, understood English best, not excepting Prosper Mérimée. Even his absurdity, his bellicosity, his narrow-mindedness, his heartiness had something English about them, which should commend him to English readers. He is Huysmans crossed with Belloc.

Barbey was imaginative; Miss Irwin is clever; and perhaps we find here one of the main differences between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It is difficult to believe people have ever been as clever as they are to-day, and Miss Irwin is clever even among her contemporaries. Her weaknesses are evidently of the imagination, though imagination, too, she in a degree possesses. Her hero is a man of vast artistic potentiality, who lacks any creative power and falls back on scorching to death all those with whom he comes in contact—his wife, his friend, a great painter, the Governor, the daughter of the late rector, the whole village, which is dominated by his great luxurious manor house. Yet he is neither a bad nor an unattractive man. He has sacrificed too much for Cybele, who has been planted into the mantelpiece. He is an effective construction, symbolizing Miss Irwin's dislike of excess, a dislike characteristic of a "clever" age.

"Have you ever come across this letter from Lao Tze to Confucius?" remarks his wise Christian friend. "Abandon your arrogant ways and countless desires, your suave demeanour and unbridled ambitions; for they promote not your welfare. That is all I have to say to you."

"The Squire rose hurriedly from his chair, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, said in a low, quick, disturbed voice, 'No doubt you're right; I must go,' and without pausing for further farewell, left the room and the house in one minute."

Miss Irwin, again characteristic of her age, is absorbed in morality beyond the dreams of any mid-Victorian. She "wants to say something," and says it with great cunning by the time she has finished.—Scratch a cocktail girl and you'll find a Saint Theresa.—Miss Irwin, so modern and so virtuous, is an example of this great truth. Incidentally, she is often extremely witty, and several times makes the reader laugh out loud. Her portrait of the old maid, the late rector's daughter, is a real comic creation, expanding into tragic dignity. Incidentally, Miss Irwin makes the only good joke about "Bloomsbury" that I have yet met in print:—

"He said 'a modern philosopher has defined the desire for immortality as the desire to grow immeasurably fat.' Mr. Wem whispered wearily, 'I suppose you mean Bertie.'"

Miss Irwin's talent is at bottom satirical.

Miss Delafield writes also a very clever, very readable novel, perfectly designed to pass three hours easily. She does not attempt to construct a world, as Miss Irwin does, but falls back on "criticism of life," a far easier avenue to explore, and one immediately begins asking whether her analysis is correct. "What is Love?" is a study of two girls, one who gives herself up entirely to love in an age when love is on one side camaraderie, on the other a passing *béguin*. Her cousin, truly representative of her age, and incapable of grand passion, marries for friendship, and is dismissed to happiness. It seems to be true enough to life, and it is only the historical philosophy that seems inadequate. Rather the present age is the only one in which marrying for money has ever been considered a crime. The great nineteenth-century novelists were obsessed by their heroines' income. As I look round on my acquaintances I find most of them living in squalor with their heart's desire, while charming girls with £3,000 a year can find no one so poor to come and live in Eaton Square with them. Miss Delafield seems to have no idea how good we all are.

Mr. Temple Thurston's "Portrait of a Spy" is based on the career of Mati-hara, the Folies-Bergères dancer, who was shot by the French as a spy during the war. Some people may remember experiencing a shiver of disgust on learning that the Presidential pardon had been refused. Apparently, Mr. Thurston has got some material from the French authorities, and it is a pity he did not confine himself to a biographical sketch, with an account of the trial. As it is we do not know how much to believe, while as a novel the "Portrait of a Spy" is completely valueless. Mr. Thurston thinks cubism due to Picasso having been bowled over by the Einstein theory in 1910.

The next three stories come from Elkin Mathews's limited edition of short stories. None are as good as Mr. Powys's initial effort. "The Sword of Wood" is a characteristic piece of jolly Chestertonian mysticism. There is a certain bravura energy about it which will commend it

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The Gift Book of the Year

THE GOLDEN AGE

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In addition to their usual Autumn and Winter Lists, the publishers have this year produced an illustrated list of finely printed and illustrated editions which will be sent gratis on application.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.
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to those who adore Mr. Chesterton, but will not entirely win the plaudits of those inclined to be critical. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith tells of the marriage of a girl in a teashop to a well-to-do widower engineer earning £8 a week. Just before the service she "gets the jim-jams" owing to the arrival of a penniless sailor, Bill, with whom she is in love. But she rightly faces comfort, and satisfies her romance complex by talking about the films. This is an efficient and intelligent little story. "Portrait of the Misses Harlowe" seems to me not a short story, but the first chapter of a novel Mr. Martin Armstrong once thought of writing. We stop just where we ought to be beginning, and the book as it stands is totally devoid of point.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

SOLDIERS' TALES

The Note-books of Captain Coignet. (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.)

The Recollections of Rifleman Harris. Edited by HENRY CURLING. (Peter Davies. 6s.)

The Adventures of Mother Ross. (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.)

SOLDIERS, like old wives, are apt to tell very good tales. Mr. Peter Davies was well inspired to bring out a series of them, and the new volumes are worthy to stand beside their predecessors. Of the three, Coignet is easily the best; indeed, it would be difficult to find a more entirely satisfactory book than this one. It is that rarest thing, the completely sincere record of the life of a man of action who has been protected from the dangers of posing, sententiousness, and the other vices of the half-educated by the fact that he was never educated at all, but luckily learnt to write at the age of thirty-three. At seventy, having nothing else to do, he sat down to write the story of his life, and the result, as naive and shrewd as the conversation of peasants in an ale-house, is indistinguishable from art of a high order. Take this, for instance, at random, from the story of the retreat from Moscow: "What bad water snow makes when melted in the midst of smoke! When my water was boiling I put in a handful of tea. I broke some sugar, and then the pretty cups did service. . . . All the way to Wilna I did not lack for friends; they followed my boiler, and I had ten loaves of sugar. There were three captains, and only death separated us, which means that I alone am left alive." The book is of value historically, because Coignet, who began his active service at Montebello, was transferred to the Grenadiers of the Guard, and took part in every important engagement from Marengo to Waterloo. He has, moreover, the wit to realize that a soldier's impressions are of value only when they are limited to matters within his personal experience, and he makes no attempt to give any but descriptions at first hand. Above all, the figure of Napoleon emerges with a brilliance and solidity which must fill the legions of his biographers with envy.

Harris's Recollections are spoilt by a good many of the faults which Coignet avoids; he is a poseur, and has a tiresome habit of including information which he must have gathered years after the event he is speaking of. But he does convey something of the atmosphere of the time, and his rough callousness, which is yet less than appears in other memoir-writers of the period, helps to explain the harshness of Wellington to his troops.

With Mother Ross we come to almost unadulterated fiction. However, she really did serve under Marlborough, and whether her story was or was not written by Defoe—she seems to be a true sister of Moll Flanders—it is racy and entertaining, and gives some curious details about a period which is scantily furnished with personal records.

The editor of the series, Sir John Fortescue, has contented himself with writing a short introductory life of each subject drawn from information supplied by the books themselves. This is a pity. It is important in this class of rather suspect semi-history that readers should be given the fullest possible proofs of the authenticity of the manuscripts, and also some account of their earlier appearance in print. In Coignet's case, for instance, mention should have been made of his own publication of his book, and of the later finding by Larchey of the complete manuscript.

PLAYING THE GAME

The Technique of the Love Affair. By a GENTLEWOMAN. (Howe. 10s. 6d.)

I AM puzzled. Does this book set out to tease the gentlemen, or to try in a sprightly way to give serious advice to the ladies, or is it written by a man as a revenge on the feminine sex? As a tease it is very heavy; as revenge I would say quite out of date; as advice simply shocking.

In order to attract the male it is necessary for the female to run away; to pretend not to feel; to flatter; to obliterate all sign of sense, talent, and wit; to cultivate silliness, softness, and an "air of costliness proportionate to his position"; to be exigent and luxurious and never, never to be abandoned.

Is this what sad fool Man demands when he might have a flesh and blood Princess?

"Ty hye! ty hye! O sweet delight,
He tickles this age who can
Call Tullia's ape a marmosyte
And Leda's goose a swan."

Or is that all a chap is given when he is longing for the Queen of Sheba?

"Ha ha! Ha ha! this world doth pass
Most merrily, I'll be sworn;
For many an honest Indian ass
Goes for a unicorn."

Or are we being subtly enticed to join the Girl Guides? There is no knowing. But whichever way we listen to these words they seem to have a weary sound, and I am glad when Saccharissa (a character in the book) says:—

"It is really a horrid idea!"

and when Mr. Gerhardi exclaims in his epilogue:—

"How they annoy us!"

Women are told to be "sophisticated and wonderfully feminine, elegant, a little spoilt, but not bored," to chatter because it is expected of them, to be flatteringly deferential—"even in a state of antagonism you need not cease to be flattering"—and as a maxim: "a yielding either physical or spiritual should rarely be spontaneous."

What does the author mean? She (it must be a she) seems not to know whether she is laughing or pouting; if she is making a funny face, is it on purpose or not?

Women are not to write love-letters—they give us away. I myself admire Cleopatra, who hissed out:—

"He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt."

And Marc Antony was not bored—she made hungry where most she satisfied.

But if this theme is too serious for such a book it might have been suggested that instead of answering the letters we get we should use them for curling our hair—provided they were in verse. ("I never pin up my hair with prose.") Very good advice.

Then we are to "stage ourselves," say charming things but restrain our impulses to do them, and never talk bawdy! Serious? or ironical? If you take the author to be serious (though sprightly as befits a woman), we see that the male sex is to be treated as a child who does not know what is good for him. Man is a tiresome child, woman his nurse; or man is a lunatic and woman his hospital nurse (masquerading as his play-fellow). Woman is to entice him to play a game which he cannot play properly; he is recalcitrant, cross and bored, but he must be made to play at all costs, and must be kept in position by cajolery and all sorts of devices; the nurses know they can beat their charges, but have to pretend to be beaten.

Why? We are not told, but obviously because the nurses cannot think of anything better to do, must earn their living, and be seen in public. Saccharissa, it is really a horrid idea, an odious idea! enough to turn the men into the strangest channels! Unless it were a very brilliant satire a book about tennis on these lines would be unbearable. So it is with love. Consider it as a game if you will, but as an

excellent one, played between equals; the opponents knowing how to play, being willing to play, and being well matched. There must be real danger, real skill, real pleasure, and a real object.

The reason for a love-affair seems to escape the author: it is mutual enjoyment. Because of habit, lack of imagination, bad characters, and general dullness, men and women resort to artifice and skill—even to disguise; they wish to avoid being bored or disappointed; they hope for vigour, entertainment, pleasure, and surprise. The sexes are equal; no other point of view is tolerable. Beatrice was a match for Benedict, Antony for Cleopatra, Mirabel for Millamant.

After reading about guile, captivation, prestige, &c., one hardly knows which way to look; one feels inclined to turn, yes, indeed, to

"turn and live with animals, they are so placid and so self-contained . . .

They do not sweat and whine about their condition. They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins. They do not make one sick discussing their duty to God. Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things.

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago.

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth."

How amusing to ask a Puma to dine! (But the book haunts me; I am a woman and I must be sure to wait till the Puma invites me.) How nice to go for a walk with an Orang—but—if I run away and he pursues (and he will pursue!) suppose I find his only object is to munch my hat? I should love to go with a Giraffe to see a play. But I shall find that his head is looking into the box above, and what will it be doing there? If I pull his neck and turn it in another direction, no doubt his head will lie between two women several rows in front; I may look the other way, fascinate my neighbour, shrug my shoulders—all in vain! With the best will in the world my giraffe cannot see. Now what am I to do?

After all, will Miss What's-her-name write another book and tell us?

MARY HUTCHINSON.

PROUST

By Clive Bell. 5s.

Mr. Bell attempts to disentangle and discuss some of the qualities which make Proust unlike any other writer. He also attempts to relate Proust's particular faults to his particular merits.

TWELVE DAYS

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"The adventure was unusual and, as the reader will discover, it falls into perfect shape in *Twelve Days*. The journey was from Issahan across the Bakhtiari mountains. . . . A book that is a delightful thing to read and to give away."—*New Statesman*.

ORLANDO

By Virginia Woolf. 9s.

HUGH WALPOLE in the *Morning Post*: "Another masterpiece in English letters."
REBECCA WEST: "A poetic masterpiece of the first rank."

THE HOGARTH PRESS.

TRANSPORT ECONOMICS

The Problem of Motor Transport. By CHRISTOPHER T. BRUNNER. (Benn. 12s. 6d.)

The Economics of Rail Transport in Great Britain. By C. E. R. SHERRINGTON. Two vols. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. each volume.)

Railways. By W. V. WOOD and SIR JOSIAH STAMP. (Thornton Butterworth. 2s.)

NEVER have problems of transport economics seemed to touch so closely the life of the citizen as they do to-day, yet in Great Britain how little has there been of literature and research conveniently available for the student, the business man or the general public! A few with time and inclination have been able to sift the scattered reports of technical journals, learned societies, and Government committees, but, in contrast to the United States, organized research and information, long the hope of the late Sir William Acworth, are only just attracting public attention. Are the railways efficient? Are they doomed? What part do they play in the economic life of the community? What of the road problem? These are questions which apparently everybody feels entitled to ask. It is therefore consoling to find that the need for information and analysis is to some extent met in the three books under review.

Mr. Brunner's essay is in many ways an extremely useful short book on English road economics. Naturally he is never completely exhaustive in so slight a work, but he combines with practical experience that saving knowledge of economic theory which is frequently lacking in books on motor transport. Broadly speaking, he is concerned, on the one hand with a scientific analysis of the relations of the different road vehicle types one to another and to the railways, and on the other hand with road construction, administration, and regulation. The last word has not been said with regard to the former, since the whole situation is in a state of rapid development in which generalizations are only true for short periods. Yet he is here sure to prove useful for some time, although certain of the descriptive parts dealing with road administration and its allied problem of motor taxation, as well as the chapter on railways and road powers, are almost certain to be largely out of date within the next few months when the proposed changes in local government take place and the railways put their road plans into execution.

Undoubtedly the most substantial work on English railway economics that has been written is that of Mr. Sherrington. It is designed primarily as a textbook for the student, but the practical railwayman and the general economist were also in mind. It is strangely unlike the traditional English conception of a book on railway economics owing to its bias towards the problems of practical operation. Rather American in method of treatment, it probably reflects the influence of the author's experience in the United States. Convinced that the present can only be understood by reference to the past, he devotes the first volume to history and development, tracing the evolution of each of the "Big Four" companies, the permanent way, the rolling stock, and Government regulation. The second volume contains an analysis of rate and operating problems. The insistence on operation often leads along paths which one would normally expect to find in practical treatises on railway "management" or "engineering," rather than railway "economics," but the choice is deliberate. The effect, however, is occasionally bewildering. To describe the various types of locomotives simply by the names of wheel arrangements or merely to mention and not to explain what the Walschaert or the Caprotti valve gears are or do, assumes too much initial technical engineering knowledge in the student. The attempt to cover such wide ground in so small a space inevitably leads to a cursory mention of much and explanation of little. The value of the book would have been increased by appropriate diagrams. However, Mr. Sherrington has certainly brought together for the first time all the main aspects of English railway economics in sufficient detail to serve as a convenient general text and reference book for practical students.

The small volume in the Home University Library, written by Mr. W. V. Wood, with an introduction by Sir Josiah Stamp, will appeal to the general reader. It is a

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descriptive analysis of English railways, looked at through the glasses of the economist and statistician. It is non-technical from the operation point of view, and contains some warnings, in the statistical and financial portions, which show very clearly the dangers arising from indiscriminate use of figures by the layman. A few pages are devoted to railway labour, a topic in which most books are woefully deficient.

MEMORIES

Shapes That Pass. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. (Murray. 16s.)

AFTER living eighty-two years and after writing fifty novels or so, Mr. Hawthorne turns from fiction to fact, and summons before us, with all the craft of the experienced writer and the trained eye of a novelist, pictures of real people and scenes from his own life. But no editor could be more ruthless to the manuscripts of the verbose than Mr. Hawthorne to the multiplicity of his own memories. He admits in the first place only those that relate to England, and among these he selects and arranges so that instead of the slow pace of a conscientious narrative we have a bird's-eye view; instead of plodding every foot of the way we circle and skip and alight where fancy chooses. Is not fancy, after all, the only guide? Does not fancy always keep what is worth keeping and drop the rest? We step first into England in the fifties; we lodge with Mrs. Blodgett in Liverpool, where the beds are four-posters and the candlesticks are of brown metal, and from this vantage ground we survey the world through the eyes of a small American boy whose father the great novelist, is of all strange things, the American Consul at that port. Since Hawthorne is the shyest, the most nocturnal of great writers, it is exciting to catch a glimpse of him as in his office refusing to look at the scar which is offered for his inspection on the old sea-captain's head; and next as a father telling his little boy stories about General Quattlebum, "a powerful magician," and flying from an infuriated goat. But soon, owing to the caprice of memory, Liverpool and Mrs. Blodgett, who fed twenty American sea-captains royally every day more from love of good cheer than from wish to make a living, and the little Major, who had been at Waterloo and swung his sword in the drawing-room to show how with that identical sword he had cut down a trooper on the battlefield, disappear and give place to London in the seventies; that is to say, to Mr. Hepworth Dixon, to Mrs. Langtry, and to Lord Houghton with his alcove of improper books which shocked Henry James; and Mr. Procter who had known Lord Byron; and Temple Bar and the antiquated horse omnibus. All this Mr. Hawthorne observed with a relish which still tingles, though he must look back fifty years, and it is not the hansom cab that he hears now, but only the Pacific pounding at his doors. And then through the dimness his eyes light upon memorable faces; he sees Lord Leighton "in black velvet lounging sack and pearl-grey pantaloons . . . he was almost too beautiful. . . . He would stroke his sable-silvered beard as he conversed. . . . His eyes . . . were a trifle too small"; and then in would come Henry James, mild and urbane, "watching his ideas develop on the ceiling . . . his thoughts apparently outpacing his words, as a child's hoop bowls away from him before the wind . . ."; and then there is Browning "like a rich banker, a perfected butler," and Mrs. Browning "fine as an insect, immense eyes burning through thick black curls; . . . nervously smiling through a mouth so large that no portrait painter had dared be truthful about it."

In short, Mr. Hawthorne saw everybody in London, and he saw them keenly, ironically, graphically as befits a man who walked to his parties on his own feet all the way from Twickenham and cooled his excitement in the dawn walking back. On one occasion the search for a white tie brought to light twenty-five forgotten sovereigns hoarded in the tie box so that he could take a train. But in those days to walk was practicable and enjoyable. The roads were white; they wound in and out; they led to pleasant quiet places; they were not scourged and scraped by incessant motor-cars. Yet though this sentence paves a way for the peroration that is all regret and retrospect, Mr. Hawthorne

warrants no such lachrymosity. He loves England as she is, here and now; and looking at her from the shores of the Pacific sees "John Bull as my kin, and as the incarnation of a great human spirit on earth." He sees us more flatteringly than we see ourselves, but he sees us very amusingly, very vividly, going about our ways in London in the seventies.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Two books on India just published are: "An Indian Commentary," by G. T. Garratt (Cape, 7s. 6d.), and "India, the New Phase," by Sir Stanley Reed and P. R. Cadell (Allan, 3s. 6d.). Both these books have chapters on the working of the Reforms and on the political future.

Volume IV. of "Naval Operations," by Sir Henry Newbolt (Longmans, 16s.), in the Official History of the War, deals with operations from June, 1916, to April, 1917. There is also a case of maps, sold separately at 5s.

"The Poets and Music," by E. W. Naylor (Dent, 6s.), discusses the treatment of music by twelve poets, including Browning, Tennyson, Milton, Shakespeare, and Spenser.

A new volume in the Broadway Travellers series is Thomas Gage's "The English American, or A New Survey of the West Indies, 1648," edited by A. P. Newton (Routledge, 15s.).

An interesting book about the weather is "British Floods and Droughts," by C. E. P. Brooks and J. Glasspoole (Benn, 10s. 6d.).

Among biographies and autobiographies the following may be noted: "With a Woman's Unit in Serbia, Salonika, and Sebastopol," by I. Emslie Hutton (Williams & Norgate, 12s. 6d.); "Some Recollections," by W. Risley Hearn, who retired in 1919 after thirty-five years in the Consular Service (Nash & Grayson, 21s.); "John Pearce," by Marguerite Williams (Religious Tract Society, 7s. 6d.).

Miss Mary F. Sanders is writing a Life of Christina Rossetti and would be glad if anyone possessing her letters, portraits, or other information would write to her at 25, Neville Street, S.W.7.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Building Societies Year-Book, 1928. Official Handbook of the National Association of Building Societies. Compiled and Edited by GEORGE E. FRANEY. (Reed & Co. 5s.)

This is a remarkable compilation recording the progress of a remarkable movement. Lord Cecil's portrait provides a frontispiece, and Lord Cecil himself provides an excellent foreword. "The real art of dealing with money," writes Lord Cecil, "is not to save it, but to spend it wisely, to get the best and most valuable result for it, moral or material." And what could be better than acquiring a home? Let the reader turn therefore to another page of this Year-Book and pick out a Building Society suited to his needs. He may then have leisure and inclination to read the admirable articles contributed by Sir Josiah Stamp, Mr. William Graham, Mr. Hartley Withers, and others, and also to study the proceedings at the last Annual Conference, which are very fully reported.

Philips' Gazetteer of the World. (George Philip & Son, Ltd. 25s.)

This invaluable publication gives, in the most convenient form, concise and accurate information about more than 100,000 places, including their latitudes and longitudes, and the numbers of the maps on which they may be found in Philips' New Handy General Atlas. Population figures are also included.

How to be Happy in Switzerland (Winter Sports). By F. McDERMOTT. (Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.)

The Happy Holiday Series of Messrs. Arrowsmith are as severely practical as the ordinary guide books, without being quite so dull. They are attractively produced, the information is served up in an entertaining fashion, and the reader is told where and how to go and what not to do. The latest addition to this series deals exhaustively with the Swiss winter sports, and anyone in doubt about such a holiday need only consult its pages.

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TRAVEL SECTION

WHEN WINTER COMES

TO a poet and in April the thought of England may bring delight, especially if he is not in England. But the thoughts of the citizen of London, contemplating through his window the first November fog, will be very different. That fog will be a reminder that he must make up his mind whether or not he can manage to snatch a holiday abroad this winter. If the answer is in the affirmative, he must "make his reservations" promptly, for the cult of sun-worship gains adherents every year, and hotels and trains are strained to accommodate the pilgrims who pursue the god to his mountain shrines. There are some, I know, who seek him in other and very pleasant places, on the Riviera, in Egypt, even in the Southern Hemisphere; but the real devotees are those who climb their Alp, and it is for them that Apollo reserves his choicest blessings.

It is not surprising that more and more people go to the Winter Sports. The holiday is so jolly and so healthy that those who have been gone again if they can, and every visitor comes back a living advertisement of the Alpine winter. From the latter part of January onwards the pallid crowd in office, train, and club will be sprinkled with bronzed faces. There will be no need to ask the origin of that tan; everyone will know that it has been acquired in Switzerland. Only the Swiss winter sun can produce quite that effect—a sun which tans but rarely burns, which is bright and warm without the torrid heat of summer. The sun is the great magnet which draws people to the sports.

Another incentive, I think, is the delight of a holiday snatched out of due season. Switzerland in winter is visited in large measure by people who work, who really have to make a choice between this and that way of spending a given sum of money and between this and that spell of leisure. It is needless to say that these are there to enjoy themselves, and enjoy themselves they do. Moreover as we are in many ways a habit-forming people, and the traditional time for a major holiday is August or thereabouts, there is a tang of truancy about the winter holiday which gives it an added delight. We shall have to pay for this, we say, half gleefully and half ruefully, and we see that we get our money's worth.

In order to get one's money's worth it is desirable to take certain elementary precautions, especially if you are a ski-er. Take advice from those who know, and go to some place high enough and so situated that, except in altogether unusual seasons, there is a reasonable certainty of snow. Such a place may be a little fuller and more expensive, but it is a mistake to risk the complete disappointment which may be your lot at some of the less favoured stations. And do not economize on boots and clothes. A pair of boots which are quite stout enough for tramping through the mire at home may nevertheless not be snow-proof—especially after they have been subjected for a day or two to the grip and strain of the ski. If you have on such boots your feet will begin to feel miserably cold when your friends are sunning themselves at an open-air lunch, and as you move home through the sharp frost of the evening they will feel colder still. Similarly a series of tumbles in soft snow are merely amusing if your suit is snow-proof. But if it is not, the sun will soon melt the snow your sweater or tweeds have collected, and melted snow is only water, and very wet water at that. Only the expert who wins "No Fall" races can afford to ski in unsuitable clothes, and he does not do so.

If the advice of someone who knows the ropes be taken, however, enjoyment can almost be guaranteed. No greater mistake can be made than to imagine that Winter

Sports are amusing only for the expert ski-er. There are curling for those who like it (and they do like it very much), lugeing and tobogganing, and skating, as well as ski-ing. And if to the reader, as to myself, the winter sports mean ski-ing, there is an infinity of fun to be got out of ski-ing even for the tyro. As in the case of other feats of balance it is easier to acquire the knack while young, but even those who are by no means young can quite soon acquire a sufficient measure of competence to enjoy themselves.

It is, no doubt, glorious to be able to do a run in something like record time; to be a master of the "telemark," the "Christiania," the "stems," and other turns; to pass test after test; and to take part in races. But even for those who scarcely dare hope even to pass their third-class test, ski-ing is still more than worth while. Skis after all are in essence contrivances to enable you to travel where the snow is thick and soft on the ground, and enough balance and control are quickly acquired to enable one to go off for a day among the snow-covered mountains. That is the real joy of ski-ing, and that is where the ski-er has the advantage over the skaters and the rest. Breakfast over, a merry party will collect their skis and sticks and sally forth. It will be very cold perhaps, for the sun will not quite have overtopped or come round some dominating mountain. But as you climb, or ascend in some funicular, he will come out radiantly to smile upon you. So up and up until you are high enough. Then lunch in the sun, with a convenient wood hut between you and whatever wind there be; lunch such as only Swiss hotels can put up for the traveller, with rolls and sandwiches and cold chicken, chocolate and oranges. Then the descent begins, punctuated no doubt with tumbles and mirth, but full of all the exhilaration of skating and tobogganing combined. Perhaps on the way home there will be a pause for beer, or tea, or a concoction of hot diluted wine at a wayside inn. The last stretch home will be a little trying for the novice, for unless there has been a very recent snowfall the snow will be trodden hard and slippery by many ski-ers spinning homewards; but even this spasm of anxiety and caution has its advantages. It makes the ski-er glad rather than sorry when the last field or bit of road has been traversed, when the skis are put away, and the hotel, with its warmth and its tea, are gained once more.

After tea there are letters to read and write, plans to be made for the morrow, baths to be taken—in some places the old hand makes for the bathroom early, for, though the hotel may be sumptuous, the high Alps are the high Alps and much snow and ice may mean a complementary shortage of water—dinner, and then dancing or bridge until the time comes for a well-earned bed. Day succeeds day, each bringing with it a little more confidence, a little more certainty in stopping and turning, until the novice of last year—or perhaps of last week—will set off on one of the recognized "runs," with a party whose members do not mind helping and waiting for the weaker brethren. The experts may flash past, twisting and turning with the grace of a bird on the wing. Two or three hours may be spent on a descent which takes them a bare half-hour. Many a glorious spin down towards the waiting guide or leader may end in a spill and a scurry of snow before his side is reached. But what does that matter? Experts and leader alike were novices once; the sun is strong, the air like wine, the snow like powder, and the novice too has his or her moments of joyful speed, and novice as well as expert has the same sense of vigorous well-being.

H. B. USHER.

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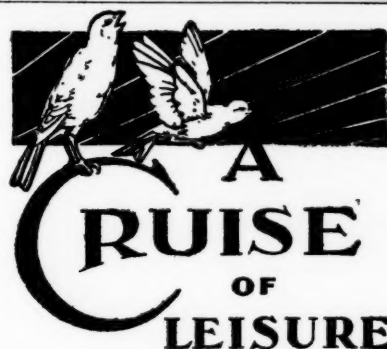
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TRAVEL NOTES

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL : MADEIRA : WEST AFRICA : ALGERIA : INDIA

WITH the rain beating from the South-West, a chilly mist rising from the ground, and the certainty of three or four months of such weather before me, it is difficult to turn in any cheerful way to the prospect of following and finding the sun which lies before those richer, perhaps more indolent or, as it must often be, more in need of recreation than myself.

More adventurous I will not have it. For amongst the pamphlets which the shipping lines issue at this time of the year, announcing the intended voyages of their ships, there is not one prospectus which does not tempt me to travel steerage or stowaway.

Take, for instance, the circulars of the Canadian Pacific. They have a steamer, it will be remembered, called the "Duchess of Atholl," and she sets out from Liverpool on January 4th next to cruise to South America and Africa, followed from the same port, in the hottest pursuit, by the "Duchess of Richmond" on January 26th. With every respect to the "Duchess of Atholl," her grace of "Richmond" boasts that she is the newest cruising ship in the world, and for forty-two days this gallant craft will sail the seas visiting West Africa and the Isles of the Blest. I will tell you where those are presently.

But first of all you have to note that this is "the virgin voyage of a virgin ship," that the cruise will be "the most leisurely imaginable," and, I regret to quote, "one of utter abandon." It will be the first cruise of its kind "to feature the golden warmth of West Africa." It is "the Sybarite's cruise *par excellence*," the ship is "the *dernier mot* in British ship building," and you are promised "delirious twilights."

But such phrases as these are not really needed to conjure up the vision of the happy times which those who sail in the "Duchess of Richmond" will have. (Now she is called a "debutante Duchess" because, a little belatedly, I should have thought, she is on her maiden voyage, "following the autumn swallows.") But she is off to Gibraltar, to Monaco, to Majorea, to Algiers, to Tangier, to Sierra Leone, to Dakar, and thence to the Isles of the Blest, which as I promised to tell you are no more than the Canaries. She takes Casablanca in her stride, "a luxurious Paris thrown against the foothills of the Atlas," Madeira, Cadiz, Lisbon, after which "the Bay of Biscay is ploughed for Mersey and home." It is difficult to write the very names for envy of those who will travel in this beautiful ship which has every luxury which Mr. Heal could give us ashore, bedsteads fitted with Vi-spring mattresses, and a system of ventilation which can be regulated at will. Lucky people who can take a berth in the "Duchess of Richmond"! The price of them seems to be as from £80 upwards.

WESTWARD HO!

The Cunard Line, too, is trying to tempt us from the rigours of the English winter. The "Laconia" will leave Southampton for a thirty-nine days' cruise to the West Indies on January 19th. The "Mauretania" will be making her annual cruise to the Mediterranean in February and March, and will be available for port to port bookings. This is important, as if you happen to be in Egypt, the Italian or French Riviera when the "Mauretania" calls, she affords you a very pleasant passage home. Heaven knows that I am no critic of style in writing, but please listen to this as an example of simplicity and directness. "For those who have time to spend there is a 'round the world' cruise in the 'Franconia.' Passengers from London leave by train on January 28th, and join the 'Franconia' at Monaco the next day. The 'Franconia' is due to arrive in Liverpool on June 10th." Round the world in six months, and the whole adventure dismissed with a brevity which a Sergeant-Major would admire! A certain recklessness which seizes me when I contemplate these voyages

always makes it difficult for me to count the cost, but the Cunard make it plain enough when they say that a winter cruise (they have far more attractions than I have space to recount) works out at a minimum of just under £2 a day. When you consider that for very little extra you can put a notice in the reputable newspapers saying that no correspondence will be forwarded to you, this seems to me what we used to call "money for jam."

SHORT TOURS TO MADEIRA

If it were possible to do it, which it is not, it would be a pleasant thing to add the word "replete" to one's vocabulary. The Blue Star Line steamers are "replete" with every modern luxury and comfort. But despite this disadvantage they do sail to very pleasant places, to Madeira (the English church is open all the year round, with a permanent Chaplain), to Lisbon, to Cintra, and moreover the trips they advertise are so modest in price as to make a holiday in Scotland seem extravagant. Lisbon and back for £18, Madeira and back for £36—such are the prices quoted you for the Blue Star Short Holiday Tours. The winter season in Madeira is from November to April, and we are assured that in that happy land there is little difference between summer and winter. The Blue Star liners leave London every fortnight. They call at Lisbon and the voyage takes five days. Such good food is promised you that after the journey there and back you should be as "replete" as the liners themselves. But, seriously, for a moment, everyone who has taken one of these trips to Madeira whom I have known has assured me that they were worth every penny piece they paid for them both aboard and on shore.

THE FRENCH LINE


If you are really looking for warmth the nearest place that you can find it at this time of the year is the other side of the Mediterranean. The French Line, the Cie Gle Transatlantique, have really done a great work in opening up North Africa to the tourist. Whether North Africa wanted to be opened up is another matter, but should you be able to afford the expense and the time, there could surely be few more pleasant winter holidays than could be spent in exploring Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, the Sahara, and the Niger. The Company has established excellent hotels in the most remote places, and advertise motor tours which will take you in the greatest comfort through districts and to cities very little known. The mere variety of these tours makes it impossible in this space to describe any one of them in detail. You may reach Algiers from London in two days, and then with your own car or in one of those which form the equipment of the Company, travel the whole country assured of a civilized night's lodging. The French company's programme is so attractive that I cannot do better than to tell you where you can get it, which is from their offices at 20, Cockspur Street.

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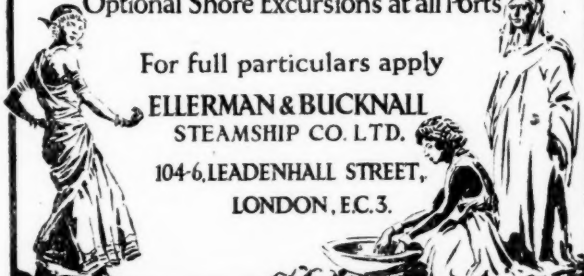
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Bombay, Suez, Port Said, and still get back to Liverpool, where, I am told, they have a good hotel. The prices varying according to the accommodation are admirably set out (I mean for clearness) in Ellerman's leaflets, and while these are most attractively produced, they seem to me to have also a businesslike aspect, which would attract me had I a hundred or two hundred pounds to spend on visiting the East.

It never occurred to me that travel of any sort was other than educational, but the Leplay House Tours insist on the use of the word. Perhaps they are justified, for in organizing their visits this Christmas to Spain and Portugal they have as their leader Mr. Barry Parker, whose knowledge of architecture will be at your disposal. Members will meet on December 24th at Victoria. The inclusive cost of the Spanish-Portuguese tour is thirty-two guineas, and that of another to Avignon and Montpellier is sixteen guineas.

Meantime, with the names of those lovely places in my mind, I have the honour to state that in this country it is a dem'd moist unpleasant evening.

J. B. S. B.

PILGRIM, PIRATE, AND PIONEERS

The Holy Cities of Arabia. By ELDON RUTTER. Two vols. (Putnam. £2 2s.)

Adventures of an African Slaver. By CAPTAIN THEODORE CANOT. Edited by MALCOLM COWLEY. (Routledge. 15s.)

Gentlemen Unafraid. By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY. (Putnam. 15s.)

Manitoba Milestones. By MARGARET MCWILLIAMS. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)

SINCE it is impossible in these days for a critic to read all the new books in even one department of literature, dogmatism must be avoided. But the present reviewer hazards the opinion that "The Holy Cities of Arabia" is the best work of travel to be published this year; and it is to be hoped that, amid the glut of merely superficial books, it will not be overlooked. Mr. Rutter left Cairo in May, 1925, and spent more than a year in Arabia. Suitably disguised, he entered Mekka, where, staying nine months, he performed the rites of the Muhammadan pilgrimage; and later he visited the tomb of Muhammad at El Medina. Mekka and El Medina were his main objectives, and of each he gives a full, precise, and lucid description, together with an historical summary and a peculiarly vivid account of the customs and daily life of the natives, and the elaborate ceremonial of the pilgrims. There are, of course, certain rites that are obligatory upon all followers of Allah. Yet even Muhammadanism has, we are told, its sects—its puritans and its ritualists. Mr. Rutter makes all this very clear to us, and, though he points no moral, he leaves us with a vivid sense of the weakness of the Muhammadan faith in general. The squalor of the city of Mekka, in sharp contrast to the magnificence of the Mosque, is the reflection of a religion that divorces the spiritual from the mundane, and lacks any ethical driving force. Mr. Rutter, however, does not confine himself to Mekka and El Medina. He records personal adventures on the Red Sea and in the desert, and his eye is as quick to observe the humour of a situation or a character as it is to catch the beauty of a scene. His work combines scholarship, description, atmosphere, and anecdote in a very unusual degree, and his admirably clear style maintains a supple and unpretentious dignity. Here is a piece of true literature.

We are not told whether the "Adventures of an African Slaver" is a reprint, or whether it now appears for the first time. At any rate, it is a narrative "written up" in 1854 by Brantz Mayer, an American journalist, and it purports to give a true account of the life of his friend, Captain Theodore Canot, a trader in gold, ivory, and slaves on the coast of Guinea. A Frenchman by birth and an American by adoption, Canot was a buccaneer, born out of due time. His piratic instincts found satisfaction in the slave smuggling that continued for a time after the slave trade had been outlawed. Cruel enough when it was legitimate, the traffic in slaves became even more brutal when a vessel

could be confiscated if negroes were found on board to serve as evidence of illicit commerce. Canot was less barbaric than one of his rivals, who, when his brig was surrounded by four approaching cruisers, succeeded in drowning his cargo of six hundred slaves before the vessel could be captured. Yet Canot, we may be sure, was not so kindly and generous as he naturally wished to represent himself in his memoirs. No doubt mere policy dictated a certain care for the slaves, since there was no profit in landing corpses. But even on Canot's own admitted facts the illegal slave trade was appallingly callous, and his reminiscences, pompously set down by Mayer and varying considerably in interest as the scene shifts from Africa to the sea and from the sea to the Guinea coast, yield some real thrills of horror.

Miss Willoughby is the daughter of an Irish adventurer who settled in early manhood in Alaska. Sentimentally, but with pleasant spontaneity and breeziness, she draws her father's portrait and dwells upon her own idyllically wild childhood in a tiny northern village as Russian as it had been in the days of the Tsar's dominion. Her succeeding chapters deal with a number of living men who have helped in various ways to transform Alaska from the "edge of beyond" into a civilized and fertile country. In the manner of the journalistic interviewer, she allows her heroes to tell their own stories for the most part; and her book, if it lacks form, is at least full of interesting matter.

Miss McWilliams, who follows the progress of Manitoba from the days of the earliest settlers, is an historian proper. She suffers from the popular current superstition that every book should read like a novel. But she has thoroughly absorbed her facts, and, though overdressed with picturesque frillings, they are very well marshalled. The illustrations, like those of "Gentlemen Unafraid," vividly corroborate the text.

TRAVELS IN PERSIA

Under Persian Skies. By HERMANN NORDEN. (Witherby. 16s.)

Twelve Days. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. (Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.)

HERE, bearing a surface resemblance to each other, are two books about travel in Southern Persia. In one case a caravan departs from Isfahan and arrives in the domain of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company; in the other a caravan departs from the domain of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and arrives at Isfahan. In "Twelve Days" a compact party leave the city of Hajji Baba by the western gate; in "Under Persian Skies" a solitary enters from the south.

Both books treat of Khans, the feudal chieftains of those parts, of their hospitalities, their flocks and herds, and of the annual migration in search of pasturage. But there the resemblance ends. Readers of Miss Sackville-West's other books are well aware that she can use her pen like a spade, stirring the roots of things; in this instance, though with no less skill, the spade becomes a Dutch hoe with which she loosens the soil only. Her own words, at the beginning, give the reader a hope that this journey by caravan will guide him to a philosophic appreciation, at any rate, of its meaning to herself; at the end, however, he is slightly bewildered by a sense of loss, nothing emerging in this respect but a project for the political idealization of the country and reflections on the transience of empire. Is it possible that Mr. Nicholson encouraged the presentment of "Twelve Days" in the same way in which she overcame his compunction in the matter of the publication of "Some People"? If so, readers' thanks are due to both, but particularly to him, for "Twelve Days" is a book which fascinates, and the truth of the foregoing remarks cannot lessen its attraction. Its charm, apart from the interest of the subject-matter, lies in its truthfulness, sincerity, and prose style so expressed as to give the reader the illusion of feeling himself to be included in the company as one of the friends who go to make it up. Very few writers possess this power of intimacy; but with Miss Sackville-West, one breathes the stream of migration, suffers anguish at the inevitability of Persian hospitality at the end of a racking day, and can actually taste the tepid champagne at the end of the last stage of the journey. This, surely, is the right way to write travel books, to take the reader along for himself, making him see

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TRAVEL WITH BAEDEKER!

and feel the country and its customs, and this Miss Sackville-West achieves. Mr. Norden, in the second of the two books under review, attempts also to conjure pictures, but with not quite the same success. He observes acutely; with a true American zest he makes inquiries of everyone; his descriptions are here and there poetical, and he is transparently sincere. In spite, however, of all this and in spite of his greater length and more minute detail the result he achieves is merely information. His book can be put down and resumed, whereas the reading of "Twelve Days" is interrupted with regret. His journey and its incidents are related in good, plain English, but they do not awaken an imaginative response. He is a true recounter, and the tribulations which he undergoes arouse a faint admiration, but the impression remains that note-book jottings have been expanded, or compressed, to fit a volume of a certain size. Both these books contain numerous photographs, excellently reproduced, and having a true relation to the matter which they illustrate.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

EDUCATIONAL RECORDS

THE International Educational Society and Columbia issue another long list of educational records (each record 4s. 6d.). Most of them are continuations of series of lectures previously reviewed in these columns. The best of these are the second section of Professor Elliot Smith's series on "Man and Civilization" (D40056-7); Professor Conway's third and fourth sections of "Introduction to Vergil" (D40058-61); Professor Turner on "The Stars—Winter" (D40054-5). Dr. Fraser Harris gives another good lecture, this time on "Smallpox and Vaccination" (D40066-7); Sir Oliver Lodge one on "Time and Space" (D40070); while Professor Saurat continues his dissertation on Hugo (D40077-8). Among the newcomers, Dr. Gooch is admirable on "Causes of the World War" (D40071-2); Dr. Vaughan Cornish gives an interesting lecture on "The Scenery of Civilization" (D40073-4); Mr. H. J. Massingham lectures on "Woodland Birds" (D40075-6); and in "Famous Books of the Seventeenth Century" Rev. F. E. Hutchinson deals with the "Pilgrim's Progress" (D40068-9).

COLUMBIA RECORDS

AN interesting record is Symphony No. 6 in C major by Kurt Atterberg, played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham (Four 12-in. records. L2160-3. 6s. 6d. each). Atterberg's music is very little known here, and it must have surprised a good many people when this Swedish composer won the £2,000 Grand Prize in the International Composers Contest organized by Columbia. The Symphony now recorded is the work which won him the prize. It is a solid and dignified work, with considerable melodic beauty and some orchestral brilliance. It never rises to any great heights or sinks below a respectable level, and it is in no sense "modern." It ought to be popular. The records are very good, and are louder than almost any records hitherto produced.

The charming Schubert Quartet in E flat, Op. 125, No. 1, is quite well played by the Musical Art Quartet (Three 12-in. records. 9473-5. 4s. 6d. each). This short quartet is really an early work of Schubert's, being written about 1817, but it was not published until 1830. It occupies only five sides, the sixth side having "Hark, Hark, the Lark," arranged for a quartet; it does not go very well in this form.

The best vocal record is Alexander Kipnis, bass, in "Le veau d'or" and "Mephisto's Serenade," from Gounod's "Faust" (10-in. record. 5044. 3s.). Fraser Grange, baritone, sings two old-fashioned songs in "Nancy Lee" and "Bedouin Love Song" (5028. 3s.). The London Catholic Choir sing "Hail! Queen of Heaven," "Faith of our Fathers," "Ave verum," "Ave Maria," "O Salutaris," "Tantum Ergo," "Inclina ad me," "Veni Creator" (Four 10-in. records. 4967-70. 3s. each). The first four and the sixth are traditional hymns of the Roman Church, and the "Veni Creator" is Palestrina's, and is magnificent.

Light music is represented by Suppé's Pique Dame Overture, played by the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra and Sir Dan Godfrey (9496. 4s. 6d.), and a new Sullivan Selection played by the Grenadier Guards Band (9495. 4s. 6d.).

A novelty is an Edgar Wallace story, "The Man in the Ditch," spoken by Edgar Wallace himself (5026. 3s.).

THE OWNER-DRIVER

"I DREAD A SEVERE WINTER"

"I DREAD a severe winter," writes a reader in Northumberland. "My garage is unheated, and I have a big high-compression engine which 'pinks' badly if I don't use 50 per cent. pure benzol with an equal proportion of petrol. This makes a fine running mixture, but it is very bad for starting on a cold morning. I would give anything almost to get over this bugbear. Can you help me? The starting trouble, let me add, does not exist in summer or after the engine has warmed up."

Evidently the ignition is all right and the sparking plug gaps correct. We may assume then that the trouble is due to the absence of heat, accentuated perhaps by the rather heavy fuel.

I have tried every dodge imaginable to secure easy starting. The old priming cocks were a boon in their day, and many a shillings-worth of ether have I poured into refractory engines. Times without number have one's fingers been scalded by applying to an induction pipe cloths soaked in boiling water!

Some success attended one's efforts to heat the induction pipe by electricity, applied externally, but as this called for a public supply of current it was of no use on the road. The experiment, made many years ago, satisfied me that the application of heat to the induction pipe is the most direct way of attacking the problem.

A simple but effective device, called the Instarter, has been on the market for some time, and my Northumberland correspondent would do well to give it a trial. It consists of a few inches of copper wire, carried in a fibre flange bolted between the carburettor and the engine. The little coil of wire, which must touch the interior of the induction pipe, is heated with current drawn from the car battery, as an electric cigar lighter is heated. In a minute after the current is switched on heat is applied at the source of the liquid fuel supply, and the mixture is rapidly vaporized.

Provided all is well with the ignition and the sparking plug points are dry, this volatile gas should fire immediately and set the engine running. Then the current to the Instarter should be switched off. The manufacturers of the device offer to take it back if it fails to give satisfaction, but I do not think they are often asked to do so. The motorist whose inquiry has led to these remarks will appreciate that if an Instarter is used he need not change the nature of his mixture, but if he does not find ways and means of introducing heat he may have to reduce the percentage of benzol, which he does not wish to do.

If a car is fitted with a Bowden Extra Air Inlet an easy-starting sleeve can be added at a trifling cost. I have used one for many years. On a cold morning one may pour a tablespoonful of Aviation petrol into this little device, open the Extra Air Inlet and the throttle, and with ignition switched off turn the engine over a few times. The Extra Air Inlet should then be closed and the ignition switched on. In the absence of any assistance from heat this is as good a scheme as any I know, and if the engine is still refractory the trouble may often be traced to damp sparking plug points, caused by condensation.

Before electric starters came to our aid it was nothing unusual to see a motorist stick a plug into the flame of an oil lamp. I know a car-owner who on every cold winter's morning lays his sparking plugs on a sheet of tin heated by a gas ring.

Some cars, even old ones, seem singularly easy to start, but when trouble is met with the cause should be investigated, in order that the accumulators may be relieved of any undue strain.

Many of my friends who formerly found it necessary to crank their engines by hand on cold mornings, owing to the "gumminess" of the cylinder walls, have, like myself, been relieved of this trouble by using a superior brand of thin oil in winter.

If a car is garaged under conditions which may result in the water in the radiator and jackets freezing, my advice is to place a safety lamp, of the miner's type, under the bonnet, and cover the radiator and bonnet with rugs. An electric bulb may serve the same purpose if current is available, but the oil lamp is far more economical.

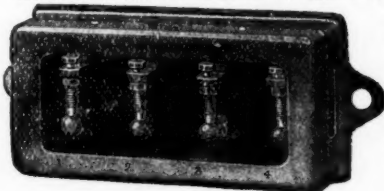
RAYNER ROBERTS.

Bona-fide readers of THE NATION may submit any of their motor inquiries to our Motoring Correspondent for his comments and advice. They should be addressed: Rayner Roberts, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

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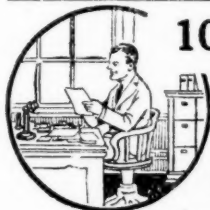
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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

LIQUIDATION, WAR LOAN AND BANK SHARES—RUBBER—MASSEY-HARRIS

THE banks have been bringing pressure to bear upon speculators who have not paid for their stock. This explains the renewed weakness in the industrial share market. A good deal of the proceeds of liquidation must be going into 5 per cent. War Loan, which has risen to 101½, at which it returns a running yield of about £4 18s. per cent. Five per cent. War Loan is repayable at par over the period June 1st, 1929-1947, but no one, viewing the difficulties of the Treasury, any longer believes in the early redemption of the £2,000,000,000 of this stock. Moreover, the Treasury has to announce before the end of the year some conversion scheme for the National War and Treasury Bonds which fall due in February and April next year. We doubt, therefore, whether the 5 per cent. War Loan will hold its present price. The gilt-edged market is entering upon the political phase. The growing opposition to the Government's de-rating proposals is bound to have its reaction in the City. In view of the monetary and political situation the investor might well consider buying bank shares instead of 5 per cent. War Loan. Barclays "A," Lloyd's "A," National Provincial £20, £4 paid, and Westminster £20, £5 paid, shares all return a yield of over 5 per cent. Of the Colonial banks, Standard Bank of South Africa and Mercantile Bank of India are earning practically twice as much as they are paying in dividends, and yet their fully paid shares at present market prices return yields of £5 4s. per cent. respectively. Hambros, allowing for the increase in capital, is earning 34.6 per cent. on its £10, £2 10s. paid, shares, and is paying 22½ per cent. These shares, at the price of 11½, allow a yield of £5 1s. 3d. per cent.

Rubber restriction in Malaya and Ceylon was officially removed on November 1st. It should have been removed on April 4th. Could anything have proved more unfortunate than the Government's decision on April 4th this year to give seven months' notice of the abolition of restriction? British growers in these seven months were free to produce as much as they liked, but were limited in exports to 60 per cent. of their assessed capacity—the severest level of restriction. Hence, they have been accumulating vast stocks of rubber on their estates. These "invisible" stocks are estimated by Messrs. W. J. and H. Thompson in their RUBBER QUARTERLY at 115,923 tons. Fortunately the "visible" stocks of rubber in London and New York have been falling in the last seven months while shipments have been restricted. London warehouses hold under 23,000 tons against 58,945 tons at April 14th, while American stocks a month earlier were returned at only 68,850 tons against 113,083 tons at the end of April. It is believed that no important reserves of rubber are held on the Continent of Europe.

"Visible" stocks of rubber are, therefore, extremely low, and only the prospect of heavy shipments from British estates after November 1st has kept the price below 9d.—it is now 8 9-16d. per lb. Can the accumulated "invisible" stocks in the East be marketed without disturbing further the level of prices? Messrs. Thompson argue that "normal" stocks in America should be three months' consumption, say, 97,500 tons; in London 70,000 tons (15,000 tons to meet home consumption and 55,000 tons to meet the European demands), and in the East 41,000 tons (11,000 tons in Singapore and Penang and 30,000 tons in

previously "restricted" areas). By this calculation, they suggest that stocks ought to be increased by as much as "invisible" stocks have been accumulated on British estates. Theoretically, Messrs. Thompson are probably right. Rubber is produced in a few tropical countries and its supply cannot be rapidly increased seeing that rubber trees require from six to eight years to reach maturity. But in view of the high production of (a) "reclaimed" rubber in America—which amounted to 47.7 per cent. of the crude rubber used in the nine months of 1928 against 45.4 per cent. in the corresponding period of 1927, and of (b) native production in the Dutch East Indies—which will be not much less this year than in 1927—in spite of the fall in prices, we are drawn to the view that the marketing of the stocks accumulated on British estates, however skillfully undertaken, must depress the price of rubber even further. The moral for the share market is plain.

The rise in Massey-Harris shares dates from the time when the market began to talk about the record crops in Canada this year and about the cash which the farmers would have available to replace their agricultural machinery. But the prosperity of Massey-Harris is by no means dependent upon that of the Canadian farmer. Sixty per cent. of its business is represented by exports. It has foreign branches in England, France, Germany, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, the United States, and South America. Indeed, its sales organization extends throughout the world, so that crop failure or distress in one country is usually compensated for by some favourable condition in another country. The Company is actually manufacturing farm implements outside Canada—in France, Germany, and the United States, and it recently acquired the plant of the J. I. Case Plow Works Inc. at Racine, Wisconsin. The earnings for the year ended November 30th, 1927, including the amount transferred to depreciation, were equivalent to \$4.11 per share. Those for the current year ending this month we have seen estimated at \$5 to \$6 per share. There is the prospect of much bigger earnings next year. This will explain the recent rise in the common shares from \$53 to \$73.

The ordinary shares of Massey-Harris have not yet received a dividend. In view of the amounts put back into the business out of profits in the last three years, which are shown in the last line of the following table, a dividend cannot be much longer deferred:—

	1925.	1926.	1927.
Operating Income ...	\$2,346,543	\$3,005,220	\$3,866,601
Net Income* ...	1,411,173	1,995,768	2,149,274
Less pref. divs. ...	—	846,293	846,293
Transfer to surplus ...	1,411,173	1,149,475	1,302,981
Surplus plus depreciation	2,350,338	1,649,720	1,989,611

* After interest, reserves for accounts and foreign exchange, pensions and insurance and depreciation.

The capital of Massey-Harris was reorganized in 1926 when the common shares, which were for the most part privately held, were exchanged into 50 per cent. of preferred and 50 per cent. of common shares, the present capitalization being \$12,089,900 in 7 per cent. preferred shares and 483,596 common shares of no par value. In the balance-sheet the fixed assets (which include patents valued at \$1) have never been written up and stand at less than cost at \$7,825,460. An appraisal of the four factories in Ontario for fire insurance purposes in 1925 amounted to \$12,500,000—and there are three other factories outside Canada as well as the J.I. Case Plow plant. The surplus of current assets over current liabilities at November 30th, 1927, was \$35,965,976. The break-up value of the shares is probably not far below the market value. That is why we take the heterodox view that a rise in Massey-Harris common shares to \$73—not yet receiving dividends—is probably justified.

